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John N Nathan

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THE WHITE SULPHUR PAPERS.

THE

WHITE SULPHUR PAPERS,

OR

LIFE AT THE SPRINGS

OF

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

By MARK PENCIL, Esq.

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TO

JAMES CALWELL, ESQ.

OF GREENBRIAR,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

2052434

MESSENGER.

INFORMATION, it has been said, is generally best received when it comes in a pleasing form. In guidance of this passing idea, this book has been written.

It has been estimated, that more than six thousand persons visited the various mineral springs of Western Virginia during the last summer months; and it is not improbable that as many, or more, will repair to them in each coming year. To meet, in a measure, the general wish so often expressed, for some descriptive guide of the localities and attractions of that celebrated region of country, this volume has been prepared, without pretence; but the Author claims one merit for the book, which is faithfulness in description.

Road-Side, 1839.

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THE

WHITE SULPHUR PAPERS.

CHAP. I.

TRAVELLING IN THE UNITED STATES—WARM SPRING MOUNTAIN —WARM SPRINGS—HOT SPRINGS—CALLAGHAN'S.

O tell me not of other skies!
The charms that foreign landscapes wear;
Within our own bright borders rise—
Hills and scenes as grand—as fair.

Summer in the United States is the season for travel, and it is then when all, whom inclination may lead and convenience will permit, are in motion for some quarter where health and recreation are the chief attractions for the journey; or where pleasure has erected the temple of fashion. Fortunately, our dear country is very large, and the places of resort are numerous where every taste can be gratified; but, in no section of the Union are all the incentives to an excursion from home more admirably concentrated than among the mineral springs of Western Virginia, and thither we were bound, like many others in midsummer, determined to make our head-quarters at the White Sulphur.

We had been travelling for two days, from the time we left the landing near Frederickburgh, upon the usual route for travellers from the north, coming from Washington, we had passed by Orange court house, Charlottesville, in sight of Monticello, and through Standton, and had become well initiated into all the modes of Virginia travel and road accommodations, of neither of which we had found any cause to complain, but which, on the contrary, had afforded us much reason for being satisfied.

We had left the last peaks of the Blue Ridge far behind us, and a few hour's further ride, brought us to the foot of the far-famed Warm Spring Mountain, whose frowning tops had been before us for some hours. We here descended from the stage, preferring to make our way on foot; leaving the driver to follow with his horses at his leisure.

As the traveller approaches the mountain, he begins to surmise how or in what manner he shall ever be able to surmount this broad barrier of the Alleganies, which rises up before him to dispute his passage. The ascent to the top is about two miles, over a narrow, well-beaten road, which, rising gradually, edges around the body of the mountain like a great winding stairway. It was early in the morning, the sun had but just risen, and, with elastic steps, we commenced the ascent; stopping ever and anon to admire the verdant glories which broke upon us in

some new scene at every turn. The road on one hand was studded with lofty trees, overlooking the precipices below, whilst copsewood and numerous masses of ill-shapen stone on the other hung over our heads, threatening to stop our progress at every moment. The dew was still upon the green leaves, and we inhaled the freshness of the abundant and luxuriant wild flowers blooming along our path.

Among our party, in advance of the rest, were two foreigners; an English baronet from Bermuda, and the Chevalier L——, a resident minister in the United States. The chevalier had been over the hills of Tyrol, and among the dofrafiels of Norway, and his heart expanded as he described to us the similarity of the picturesque scenery we were now traversing to the romantic beauties of the faderland.

We reached the point where the road crosses the summit, called the mountain-pass, and paused awhile to take a survey of the prospect we had left behind us. A cool refreshing breeze sprang up to meet us, and water from the hands of the old man at the mountain hut gave us new life and vigor: we were directed to a path which led to a higher eminence, where the finest view it was supposed could be had of the surrounding scenery.

We stood upon a rock, where a white flag was waving. It overlooked every thing within range

of several miles. We looked on for some moments in silence, not even whispering our admiration. Beneath us, as far as the eye could reach, a vast amphitheatre of hills were rising one above the other, looking, in their uneven surface, like the dashing waves of a troubled sea in their fury. We fancied we could hear the roaring of the distant waters. And then again we saw the blue heavens seemingly resting upon the long-continued ranges of the same line where we stood. It looked to us—the abyss below—like a great crater formed by some revolution of nature, into which mountain on mountain had been thrown by some supernatural power to fill up the great chasm of earth.

The hour, and the day, (it was Sunday,) filled us with great reverence for all things around us. There was no water view, which makes the life of seaboard landscapes, but all was reposing in silent solemn grandeur as it had been for unnumbered ages.

Who has ever been among these mountains and given their picture to the world? Save in the stray leaf of some traveller's portfolio, they have never been written down. This is the land where our poets and our artists should come, and see the majestyof nature as it is in our own soil.

What would have been the imaginings of the impassioned Roscoe at a scene like this. With what eloquence he could have pictured it!

Where is that master-spirit of our own age, whose wand waved over the ruins of the Alhambra and brought forth its buried images of romance? Has he never been here? to change those towering piles of blackest rock, now shading all around us, into castles and fortresses, and people this solitude with his giants, and his knights, and his sceptred visions of antiquity!

Far below us, on one hand, we descried, in the narrow streak like a white pencil-mark, the winding road by which we had ascended. At our feet, on the other side, were the shining roofs of the cabins and bath-houses at the Warm Springs, where we were to remain a short while and revel, if we pleased, in the most luxurious of baths.

The sound of the horn called us again to the stage; and we were whirled down the steep to the base of the mountain with incredible velocity.

The drivers of the stages in this part of the country (mostly young men) are very active and expert, and will wind a six-horse team round the shortest curves of the mountains with the same skill and ease as a Broadway whip will turn a phæton.

"A merry welcome to you, gentlemen," said the pleasant landlord, as we reined up before the door of the hotel at the Warm Springs, where a fine breakfast was waiting for us. And then we did

justice to Mr. *Fry* in every shape: we made our respects to the fried venison, the fried fish, and the fried chicken; so very polite had the morning air made us.

On each plate at table was a card, with the visiter's name—but a beginning of the novelties of this region to some of us. We were weighed in the patent scale that stands in the colonnade, which runs the whole length of the main building here, somewhat after the fashion of the hotels at Saratoga. A drawing room and ball-room are on the same floor with the dining-room.

This place is chiefly celebrated for its delightful warm bath, and its waters are very efficacious for chronic diseases. The company here is the largest late in the season, when the visiters are returning from the other springs.

We went to the bath. Luxury of all luxuries! It is worth a pilgrimage of many miles to bathe in this delightful stream. The bath, over which is a wooden building in the form of an octagon, is about forty feet in diameter, large enough for fifty persons at a time; the water rises from the bottom to the depth of five feet, in a warm state of about 97 degrees Farenheit; but it has that peculiar temperature which no other water, by artificial means, can be made exactly to attain. The sensations while

bathing are most delicious; the water is so soft, and it plays in a most affectionate manner against the body, if I may use the expression. All the most glowing descriptions which have been given of the baths of Constantinople, and elsewhere, fall short in comparison with the actual enjoyment of a bath here; which is sufficient to dispel the most obstinate disease of ennui or hypo.

Some persons have fanciful notions as to their mode of entering a bath, and their manner of equipment.

One young gentleman from the north, who had been here before, had a complete dress made after his own order—a loose gown to throw on and throw off, Turkish slippers, and ornamental cap, &c. He said it was more in keeping with the spirit of the ancients, for whose customs he had great respect.

The spring where invalids go to drink the water, which bubbles up from a little square rustic basin, is in the grove, not far from the bath-house, and covered by a little shed. The water is too warm to be pleasant to persons in the flush of health; but it is said to act well on the system.

Several little fountains of the same description are oozing up around about. It was here in the shade of these elms, that the sage of Monticello

was wont to spend so much of his time; and the cabin is near by which he long occupied.

A party were playing at nine-pins, on the green, the principal amusement here, (besides bathing;) and others were diverting themselves with quoits.

We left the Warm Springs, intending to return again, at some day, on our way homeward. This is the place where the company meet on the winding up of the season; friendships, begun elsewhere, are here cemented; promises to write are made; and maidens here take leave of their lovers. There are many bright recollections about the Warm Springs.

Six miles beyond the Warm, we came to the Hot Springs. "I will get out here," says the invalid.

"I will leave this place as quickly as posssible," says the man of pleasure, "for I will not look at the halt and the lame."

These springs are much celebrated for their hot baths, so beneficial for persons far gone in strength, and deeply affected with rheumatic affections, contusions, broken limbs, &c. Many wonderful cures are performed here. The days of many a poor man have been lengthened, if not made happier, by recovery.

I saw a United States Senator who had left Washington a few weeks before in a very low state of health; he was now convalescent, and able to bear the fatigues of a journey home to the South.

The piazzas of the hotels were filled with invalids, like those in front of a marine hospital I have somewhere seen. Some were limping; some were on crutches; and some were wheeled about like children.

At a little distance, walking in the shade of the trees, we observed a very infirm old gentleman on the arm of a young lady; some faithful daughter, we imagined, tending on an aged parent.

There are several baths here of different temperatures—the spout-bath, the boiler, and the pleasure-bath.

The proprietor, a physician, is said to be a humane and attentive person, and is making extensive improvements each year.

We stopped once more on our road, at Callaghan's, a great breakfasting house, thirteen miles this side of the White Sulphur, at the interjunction of several mail routes. We were here very hospitably entertained by the facetious and obliging host, who never differs in opinion with his guests on any subject that's not *fare*. Dennis Callaghan, the father of the present proprietor, was immortalized by the author of Westward Ho! long since.

"On what side of the question are you, Mr. Callaghan?" said one of us to him at parting.

"Why, sir," said he, "I don't like to differ—I'm sure we don't—but how do you stand?"

"Why," said my friend, "I am Van Buren—Anti-Sub-treasury—Administration—Ultra-Whig."

"Well," said he, "Mr. Stranger, I am exactly where you are."

In a few hours more, we came within the precincts of the White Sulphur.

CHAP. II.

THE WHITE SULPHUR—TOPOGRAPHY OF THE PLACE.

THE white Sulphur Spring is in the county of Greenbriar, western Virginia, embosomed in a beautiful valley, where the mountains recede on a sudden forming at first an irregular opening, which at a little distance widens into an extensive plain. The main road runs directly through the valley, passing on one side the enclosure containing the spring and the principal improvements; then crossing the long meadows and finally losing itself in the shade of the mountain at the further end.

When we arrived at the springs, the company were going to dinner, and all the walks and avenues leading from the different cabins were streaming with lively forms. A band of music was playing gaily in the portico of the dining hall; and the whole face of things had the look of enchantment. It seemed to us travellers, arriving at such a time, as if the inhabitants of some fairy isle were turning out to welcome the coming of expected strangers.

Our coach door was opened by Major Anderson, who assigned to us our respective quarters. The ladies of the party were escorted to Paradise Row, and the single gentlemen were sent some to Spring Row and others to Wolf Row, which latter place is reserved for bachelors, amateurs and philosophers.

The grounds are laid out very prettily with gravel walks intersecting the green lawns, and the area is bordered on all sides by rows of neat cabins, some of them of a very attractive appearance. The whole looks like a well laid out little town. A countryman from the west, not long since, in passing by the springs late in October, when the place was quite deserted, was heard to remark, that he saw a great many houses in the village, but very few people.

On the front square stands a large frame building containing the dining room, the public room, and the offices. A portico runs the whole length of this edifice, forming a fine promenade in wet weather. Near to this in a similar building is the ball room, with lodging apartments above.

Immediately in front of these, on the acclivity of the hill, which overlooks the plain, and sweeping round before you, is Alabama Row, which extends as far as the large centre building, where it is joined by Paradise Row, which has a similar range. The cabins which form these ranges are all built of brick,

with little piazzas in front. Carolina Row, fronts the walk, from the spring, beyond which are, Baltimore—Virginia—and Georgia Rows. There are besides many beautiful cabins on various parts of the premises, which are reserved for private families, who spend their summers here.

A new row of six ornamental veranda cottages has lately been erected on a line with Paradise Row, and four large brick buildings on the hill beyond, the latter being occupied by Carolineans. The accommodations are at present sufficient for six hundred persons. A large hotel is about being erected in the course of another year, which will accommodate several hundred more. At present each family or party reside in a separate cabin, being lords of their own castles for the time being, which is perhaps the most preferable mode of living.

The noble fountain is immediately in front of Spring Row, and can be seen from any part of the square. It is ornamented by a handsome dome, supported by twelve pillars, which is surmounted by a statue representing Hygeia. There are circular seats beneath, and the area is roomy enough for near one hundred persons seated and standing.

The water flows in an octagonical basin about three feet and a half in depth, and gushes from an aperture in the white rocks, which line the sides of

the reservoir. It sparkles in the glass like liquid crystal, and it gives the frame of the invalid new vigor at every draught.

It has a very strong smell of sulphur, and at first is not so pleasant to the taste, but after a few days this is not perceptible by the visitor, and he becomes very fond of it, desiring no other beverage. It cures almost every disease; for affections of the liver—and for dyspepsia of whatever kind, it is peculiarly recommended. It produces the most enviable appetites—brings colour to the cheek—exhilirates the spirits, and lengthens life.

The stream from the spring is very copious, and supplies the bath houses in the immediate vicinity. The old bath house has been removed within the last year, and a large and improved one, with dressing rooms and other conveniences, has been erected on the same site.

Thus much for the topography of the White Sulphur; we will leave the reader at the spring, promising to chronicle in coming chapters, the amusements and pleasures of this delightful place.

CHAP. III.

WHITE SULPHUR—AMUSEMENTS—FIRST WHITE SETTLER—BAREGES, &C. &C.

THE season at the White Sulphur commences early in June; the most fashionable period is from the middle of July, till the second week in September, and during the month of August the gaiety is at its height.

It was now late in July, and the place was thronging with visitors; numbers daily not being able to gain admittance, were obliged to quarter in the neighbourhood, or turn off to some of the other springs, and there remain until they could be accommodated.

The amusements here are various, and the days go by very rapidly to those who are determined to enjoy themselves.

In the morning before breakfast, the spring is the first resort, by all who wish to drink the waters and exchange the salutations of the day. This is an exciting time, and for one hour, the whole area around

the spring is crowded with the old, the young, the gay, and the invalid.

At eight o'clock comes breakfast, when the tables are plentifully supplied with the best bread ever baked, and all the other necessaries to anticipate the finest appetites.

After breakfast, the company disperse in various ways—some to their cabins, to prepare for visitors, and for visiting—some to the drawing-room for music—some ride on horseback—some walk—parties are arranged for a dinner at Crow's—a picnic on the Greenbriar, or an excursion to Lewisburg. There is a very good store, where every thing can be bought—and many go shopping. Gentlemen who have nothing else to do, amuse themselves at whist—some play billiards—others exercise at nine pins, or with the gymnasium—and the hunters prepare for a chase, and so passes the day until dinner time, all having made another visit to the spring at twelve o'clock, which is called the lounging hour. For the half hour preceding dinner, the band of music is performing in the portico.

Dinner—this is an important period to a great many, the twenty sheep and beef slaughtered for that day are demolished with great *sang froid*, and a feed servant will place before you a fried chicken or some other dainty dish, which you will find very

acceptable after six hours abstinence, particulary if you have been down to the spring.

There are twelve tables, each large enough for fifty persons or more, on a squeeze, and all the plates being labelled, there is no confusion in coming to dinner about finding your place. There is no necessity for being in a hurry, or getting into a passion—a little patience, and you will not fail to be satisfied.

The desert is abundant and very good, and but for the hurry and flurry of the servants, you get through this meal very good humouredly. Little or no wine is drunk at dinner, one of the beneficial results of the water, and a very conclusive one. After dinner, the ladies generally repair to the drawing-room, where an hour or two is whiled away in conversation and music: there are always a great many ladies here who perform well, and this is one of the pleasantest hours of the day. Many who like the Spanish fashion, sleep an hour or two, after dinner—then at five o'clock, the equipages are brought out for those who may have them and like an evening drive, on the sweet spring road, or to the Greenbriar bridge. A third general visiting is made to the spring during the evening, and from then until tea time, and till twilight, the whole grounds are interspersed with company, promenading, laughing,

chatting, and many anticipating the coming pleasures of the ball.

The ball room is open every evening on week days, for a dance. It is a neat and appropriate room, and has been much enlarged of late. It is lighted by three handsome chandeliers, with a fine orchestra in the centre, and the music, a Baltimore band, is very fine. A piano is also part of the furniture, this is made the drawing-room during the day. After a great deal of dancing and waltzing, the company generally break up by eleven o'clock, and so ends a day at the White Sulphur.

On rainy days, ladies can have their meals furnished them very comfortably in their own cabins, though many of them prefer to come trippingly to the dining hall.

Sunday is religiously observed here; divine service is performed, and the attendance on such occasions is always large and respectable.

I joined the venerable proprietor of the Springs in one of his customary morning walks over the estate: a gentleman of the old school, and one whose urbane manner and kindness of heart, have gained him the respect and esteem of all who make his acquaintance. We walked through several large cultivated fields, some filled with vegetables, of which a great supply is requisite here, and others

were waving with ripening corn and wheat. Passing through several green meadows more than a mile in length, we came round by the stabling establishment, where over four hundred horses were well provided for. In an adjoining field were several blooded colts, and cattle of the Durham breed—the latter a present from Mr. Clay. The meadows and grounds are watered by many streams, and several sulphur springs rise in various parts of the land. Mountains extend all around, forming a fine defence against the storms and snows of winter; and abound in deer, pheasants and other game.

The first white settler in this part of the country, was a crazy man, who wandering from some of the lower counties, here fixed his abode in one of the rocky glens on Howard's Creek. The Indians having a superstitious dread of persons in his situation, were afraid to molest him, and even frequently supplied him with food. In the course of time other adventurers came—the Indians were driven off, and the country in the adjoining counties has been rapidly settling ever since.

The valuable qualities of the waters of the White Sulphur Springs, first became known about twenty-five years ago, and its celebrity has been increasing ever since, until it has become a resort for persons from all parts of the world. Its beneficial qualities

are undeniably good for persons in all conditions of health.

A Spanish gentleman who was here during the past summer, and who had travelled a great deal, and visited all the springs on the continent and in Germany, gave these waters the preference over all others.

The notice of persons was first attracted to this spring by the quantities of deer which came to drink at the licks round about, formed by the overflowing of the waters from the spring, which have since been drained off.

The discovery of the celebrated Springs of Bareges, among the Pyrenees, is attributed to a sheep, which was observed to stray from its flock, and direct its course towards them; when the people of the country soon became acquainted with their efficacy. An English writer thus speaks of these springs, whose waters are said in many respects to be analagous to those of the White Sulphur:

"Bareges was not much frequented until Madame de Maintenon being at Bagneres, on account of the health of the young Duke de Maine, and hearing of Bareges, took the Duke thither. Since that, they have been greatly resorted to by invalids from all parts, especially by wounded military men.

"The water is perfectly clear, and does not taste strongly of sulphur, but the smell is very decided. It is mineralized principally by the sulphuret of sodium, but also contains carbonate of soda, a small quantity of sulphate and muriate of soda, azote, sulpheretted hydrogen and glairine or animal matter. Taken internally, it often produces, like other sulphurous waters, a degree of excitation, marked by acceleration of the pulse, perspiration more or less abundant, increased appetite, and sometimes sleeplessness. It is not in general purgative, and even sometimes induces constipation, particularly when exclusively used for bathing—but is diuretic, diaphoretic and expectorant. By its local or general stimulating properties, it cleanses foul ulcers, lessens the induration of callous and fistulous sores—promotes the exfoliation of carious portions of bone and cicatrization. It is also highly efficacious in allaying bony pains, whether of a rheumatic nature, or arising from the wounds—in remedying the stiffness and immobility of joints, when these symptoms depend upon tumefaction of the soft parts—in hemorrhoidal affections, jaundice and chronic disorders, and especially long standing dysentery—in chronic syphilitic diseases, and those resulting from the use of mercury, dyspepsia, &c. The season begins on the first of June, and terminates in September."

A young officer of the army, now stationed at Washington, remained the whole of the last season among the springs, the most of which time was spent at the White Sulphur, whither he had gone in a very feeble state of health, scarcely having the use of his limbs, and no one would now recognize the pale suffering invalid of that day, in his present flushed appearance and stout manly form.

The temperature of the White Sulphur water is 60 degrees Farenheit, and is the same during winter and summer. It is composed of the following ingredients:

Sulphate of Soda.
Sulphate of lime.
Sulphate of magnesia.
Carbonate of lime.
Carbonate of magnesia.
Chloride of Sodium.
Chloride of Calcium.
Pa. Oxyde of Iron.
Sulp. Hydn. of Sodium.
Phosphate of lime.
Organic matter.
Precipitated sulphur.
Gases.
Sulph. Hydrogen.
Carbonic acid.
Nitrogen.
Oxygen.

Such a place as the White Sulphur so well fashioned and provided for by nature, cannot fail to become, in a very few years, the resort of thousands of persons, in search of health, and the head quarters of fashion, when the first people of the land will gather from all quarters, and meet to reciprocate mutual good feelings. In less than forty months from the present time, it may be predicted, a railroad will sweep by, within a short distance of the Warm Spring Mountain, and the inhabitants of Union, will find it but three days travel to New York, which less than twenty years since, was the journey of a month.

The receipts at these springs are now very large, but the expenses are great. A considerable amount is annually appropriated for improvements, and by the summer of 1840, when the projected ones shall be completed, there will be accommodations for more than twelve hundred persons.

There is one great comfort here, in the good bedding and clean white sheets, not always to be had at watering places. The cabins are neat, small, but comfortable, generally having two rooms, many of them four.

Do you want accommodations for some of your friends about to arrive, you call that stout active little man whom you see brushing across the plain

in such a hurry. He is always engaged, but ever at your service. Discarding the use of pencil or paper, he has figured in his head the names and number of the occupants in every cabin, their size and condition. He can tell you, who is coming, at what time they will arrive, and when they will start.

He is the person who assigns the visitors to their respective quarters. He is, for the time being, the chief ruler and prime minister of the interior. They call him the Metternich of the Mountains. Crichton and Willard have both had their day, and Anderson is now in the full tide of his fame.

The White Sulphur Hotel, is within a few hundred yards of the springs, where accommodations can be had for over one hundred persons; it is generally filled during the crowded season, and is open during the year when the other establishment is closed. The proprietor is an attentive and gentlemanly person, and takes good care of his guests.

CHAP. IV.

WHITE SULPHUR—SOCIETY—PIC NIC.

It is advisable for all who come to the springs, to remain any time, to bring with them some amusing and entertaining books; they will find them very pleasant companions of a dull hour, during the heat of the day, and in rainy weather. The essays of Charles Lamb, is an admirable book for a watering place, many of his happiest thoughts being here illustrated.

It is now the middle of August, and the White Sulphur and the whole neighbourhood is thronging with company. There is life in every breeze, and a continual hum of joy and merriment pervading the place.

You are seated in front of your cabin in Carolina row, with the whole panorama of passing events before you. You hear the strunning of many guitars, and the sound of flutes from various quarters—you listen again, to the screaming of some happy child-

ren, chasing a young fawn over the green; innocence sporting with nature—see the young creature, he has outstripped his pursuers, and has stopped for a moment to strain his wild eyes in a longing look at his native hills; but they are after him again. Yonder comes the cake-man, the children's friend; he is punctual to the hour, and is expected daily by the inhabitants of every row; there is music in the creaking of his tray to many .After him, in importance, in the same line, is that little boy with the straw hat, he brings the sugar maple from the mountains, and from near the sweet springs. There is a man with an armful of branches and cedar from the woods—he has laid them down before a cabin in Virginia row, and they are now decorating the piazza, bidding defiance to the hottest sun. The benches under the large shady elms in the grove, are filled with gentlemen talking politics, and discussing coming elections—comparing great men—or telling anecdotes—there is much to be learned at this place.

There was one gentleman here—one of the great men of our country, who had been a senator, and governor of his native state; morning and evening wherever he would take his seat, a large number would gather around him, young and old, and talent and genius would listen in silence, while in the most fascinating manner, he would discuss the first prin-

ciples of government, law, society, politics and character, and his frequent flashes of wit, would make the whole area ring with delight.

There is an arrival. It must be a family from the south, from the extent of the train, and the number of horses and vehicles. First comes the baggage wagon—then a young gentleman on horseback—then follows the diligence, containing the children—nurses—and bandboxes—after that comes a close carriage, with the ladies of the family—then the gentleman himself riding after—and the calvacade is brought up by several other vehicles and servants, as outriders.

The opening of the mail—a scramble for letters and papers—expectation on tiptoe for the news—arrival of the Great Western—fourteen days from Liverpool—coronation of Queen Victoria—Washington deserted—President at the springs, and the citizens at Piney Point.

A lady is standing in her cabin door, a gentleman approaches, and holds up a letter bearing her address, her eye sparkles with joy, she runs to meet it—and retires, forgetting pleasure and gaiety for awhile, to read a few lines "from some one at home." The better affections of the heart, and many of the softer passions of our nature are called into play, on the receipt of a letter from home, in a strange place.

There are several resident physicians here; also transient artists—dentists—and phrenologists—and a corn-doctor's card, has been posted up for several days. We have two or three itinerant jewellers also—they have been displaying their finery and tinsel spread out in the square, and their tables have been surrounded all day with nurses and children, and all who can satisfy themselves, with gilt ear ornaments and finger rings.

The president of the United States is here, and many other distinguished persons. Ladies of fashion and belles from the principal cities—foreign ministers—members of the cabinet, senators—and representatives, prominent judges—officers of the army and navy, and polished private gentlemen, all combining to make the present company, as elegant and select as any party ever assembled at a watering place.

There is great attraction at the ball-room at present, and it is brilliantly attended every evening by the light and gay hearted. Dignity, and power, and beauty, and grace, and wit, make up the company, mingling their qualities and their fascinations.

The afternoons now are very fine for walks—there are several very pretty ones, in and around the neighbourhood—parties and couples are straying in the beautiful paths of the mastin wood, in the

rear of the hotel, and some are extending their steps as far as Lover's Retreat, a romantic spot, in the same direction.

On that part of the sweet spring road which winds around by the Colonade, is another very pretty walk, with a fine prospect from the brow of the hill. Pursuing this path, stepping over little rivulets which meander through the glades of this beautiful country, you come to a little white cottage where small parties of ladies and gentlemen are refreshing themselves with ice-cream and niceties that even Henrion would approve of.

If each individual in the society at a place like this, where it is generally so very good, would only feel convinced how much his efforts, however small, might contribute to the general pleasure—and if all would recollect that they are strangers on the same ground, equally entitled to each other's notice and attention, as sojourners from home, without reference to their time of arrival—there would be more frequent intercourse of an agreeable and intimate nature among various persons, and the comfort and enjoyment of each would be mutually promoted.

The general interchange of civilities exist to a greater degree among the company at these springs than at those of the North; which doubtless results from the isolated position of the former, the ma-

jority of southern people who attend them, and the natural propensity of independent persons who remain together any length of time to be sociable. In the course of a few years, the tide of travel and fashion will flow this way, and it is to be hoped that neither parvenu pride nor unnecessary etiquette will destroy the social beauties of the old regime. Not that there is much fear of it at present.

This is the hour for drives and excursions. You meet carriages and—(when is a carriage not a carriage? why, when it 's a wagon, to be sure, says some one at my elbow)—vehicles of all descriptions, returning from pic nics—and going out with those desirous to meet the evening stages, to welcome friends in advance, and to kiss hands to some lady passenger they may know in passing, and bring home wild flowers.

You never thoroughly understand the philosophy of the word pic nic, until you come here. Ask a lady who has spent a summer at the White Sulphur to tell you. We had something of the kind a few days since at the Greenbriar, about five miles from the springs, but there were no ladies present—it was altogether a gentleman's affair. It originated with the delegate from Florida, and some others, who invited the company to the number of nearly a hundred, among whom were the President, the Secretary of

War, and many distinguished members of Congress and others.

The party had all assembled before two o'clock at the brick tavern at the bridge. Parties on pic nic excursions generally carry their own delicacies and baskets, but this was to be an uncommon affair. We found every thing amply provided for us, as it were by invisible hands. Invisible hands had got ready the most tempting and cooling beverages for the dusty, thirsty guests, (it was a very dusty day) and invisible hands had prepared, under a large green arbor at the foot of the mountain, a most magnificent entertainment. And then with myrtle leaves for a canopy over our devoted heads, we all sat down with smiling faces to do justice to the delicacies spread before us.

We had all the luxuries of the mountains, the farm-yard, and the streams. The noisy servants at our backs were duelling with champagne corks all the time, and the table was sparkling with wine and wit.

At this stage of the proceedings, there was a sudden cessation of knives and forks for a moment, the band striking up a well-known lively air, and all eyes were turned towards the host, who appeared leading in a sorry-looking gentleman who had just arrived. He had come late, and gave as his excuse

that the ladies at the springs finding themselves deserted by the beaux, had seized on him, and he had just made his escape from paradise row, and covered with dust and glory, had come to join our party. We were regaled with a fine refreshing breeze from the mountain during the whole time, and the day went by most agreeably.

We all came home at seven o'clock in the evening, passing through the enchanting vallies, and arrived in time to meet the ladies in the ball-room, and give an account of our absence during the day.

CHAP. V.

RIDE TO THE SWEET SPRINGS—SWEET SPRINGS.

One fine racy morning, before sunrise, throwing our cloaks over our shoulders, we rolled off in an open carriage to make a visit to the Sweet Springs, and enjoy the ride before breakfast. We left the White Sulphur long before the inhabitants of Paradise row were stirring, and in a little while, our dapples were winding their way through some of the finest scenery, romance or poetry had ever pictured.

Over a smooth beaten road, which seemed to have been carved through the mountains, like the pass of mount Athos, we went on, with woodland steeps on each side of us, and afar for miles in front, we had a refreshing perspective in the high green hills. Occasionally in coming to a turn in the road, some new wonder would open before us. At one time we were bordered on each hand by a rocky palisade of some hundred feet in height. And again where the road was more narrow, we passed under natural arbors, formed by the meeting of the tops of the

bending trees from each side of the way, and where the laurel was twining its own garlands on the branches.

My companion, Major V——, had brought with him a copy of Childe Harold, which was opened, and the finest passages sought out. He soon closed the book again, however, saying as we both thought, that we had poetry enough around us.

A ride of ten miles brought us to Crow's, with a fine relish for breakfast, or any thing else that might be offered us.

This is the place, where so many excursions are made from the springs, for dinner parties and picnics. The tavern stands on the corner of the road at the foot of a mountain, and the sign board swings out in front, after the manner of that of Nicholas Vedder of old, and many a Rip Van Winkle can be found in the whereabouts, who knows the legends of the neighbourhood.

We entered the white pailings through a wicket gate, and were met on the piazza by Mr. Crow, quite portly, and good natured in appearance, somewhat of a politician, besides being a colonel. He promised us all we required, and brought us a frozen imperial to refresh us.

There is not a tavern keeper, or a stage owner, in all Western Virginia—or a great wood chopper who

has not some military title—General, is very high—only the real militia men take that—Colonel predominates—and any one who kills a rattlesnake is made a major on the spot.

We here met the President who had rode over on horseback accompanied by one of his sons, to breakfast. Several travellers in the house, on learning that he was the chief magistrate, came in and made themselves known to him and were courteously received.

Chateaubriand, in describing his visit to the first president of the United States, remarks on the simpleness of his retired manner—and the plainness of every thing around him, and wonders how long such beauties of republicanism will last.

We fell into a similar train of thought for a moment, and were consoled with the grateful reflection, that the purity of our institutions, in one particular at least, had existed, for half a century.

For here was the eighth president of the United States, after the lapse of nearly fifty years since the time mentioned by the great French writer, travelling in a wild part of the country, several hundred miles from the seat of government, without retinue, or even an attendant.

Colonel Crow, has a large garden attached to his establishment, where we gathered a bouquet of jessamines and went on to the Sweet.

We left the picturesque behind us, and for the next six miles of our journey, we passed through a more cultivated country, with many large fields of waving wheat tops and corn blade. Within a mile or two of the sweet, we came to what is called the Red Spring, an old delapidated building, grey with age, and all its windows shattered. A young country boy was swinging on the broken gate which led to the house from the road, and in reply to our question as to who lived there, he told us with an arch look, that it was haunted; and scampered off, leaving us much to marvel, with our curiosity excited.

Mr. Paulding says in his letters from the South, written twenty years since, that the boys in this region are all born poets, but that they run about in the sun, without hats, and have their brains dried up.

Before twelve o'clock, we entered the smiling valley of the Sweet Springs. As we passed to our lodgment, in the direction of the bath house, we heard the merry voices of the bathers, enjoying themselves at their usual hour.

We made our first appearance at dinner, where over two hundred persons were struggling for elbow room at two tables only large enough for half that number. We were so fortunate as to be seated near a celebrated caterer, who having a dozen servants in his pay, he was liberal enough to supply

all his friends in his vicinity. We had air during dinner, from the many fans suspended above, and which were kept constantly in motion.

Whoever comes to the mountains, should make a visit to the Sweet Springs, if but for one day. Much of the scenery in the neighbourhood is of the most beautiful and refreshing kind, and the whole place is redolent with life and animation, particularly at a time when thronging with company.

You enter on your arrival into a large green area, having on each side rows of white rustic-looking cottages, and directly before you at the further end is a green hill of a most 'peculiar diadem.' Many little cabins of brick and frame work are scattered in various parts of the grounds.

The spring is under the piazza of the bath house, the water rises in a cylindrical reservoir. It is sparkling and exhilirating, and has a piquant acidulous taste, something like soda water which has been left standing. The temperature of the water is 73 degrees Farenheit, and contains sulphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, and sulphate of soda, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, with traces of iron and silaceous matter, free carbonic acid, bi-carbonate of soda, and carbonic acid gas, the excess of the carbonic acid, gives the waters a great briskness.

The stream is very copious and supplies the two extensive baths in the adjoining building, which are reserved for the different sexes. The gentleman's bath is in a quadrangular form of five feet in depth, and surrounded by a wall with an opening at the top; the water is continually flowing off. Upon first entering the bath, you receive a slight shock; and in another moment, the most delightful sensations come over you. The water is soft and unctious to the body, and it stimulates powerfully the action of the skin, being of a tonic nature, improving its functions, and exciting the activity of the absorbent system. The carbonic acid gas is seen bubbling up, in little globules, on the surface of the water.

We were recommended not to remain in the bath longer than three minutes at first; but we heard of two persons, the day before, having remained in the other bath over an hour. At some of the baths in Switzerland, which have not a very high temperature, the patients pass six or eight hours a day in the water.

Bathing has become a science, and many treatises have been written on the subject. For those who would enlarge and extend such information, the waters of the springs of this region will afford them the best opportunities of judging, both by practical experiments of their efficacy, and from observation of the various effects upon different systems.

We conversed with Jean DeLorme, the old bath-keeper, who has been standing here, with a napkin on each arm, for the last forty years. "Peregrine Prolix" has given his history in full, so we were prepared for the antiquated guardian of the bath.

The Sweet Springs are among the most ancient and celebrated watering places in the United States, and it is only surprising, that until very lately, so few improvements have been made in the buildings. A large and handsome hotel is now erecting, which will be ready for the reception of guests in the summer of 1839, and the accommodations will then be sufficient for four hundred persons. This has been long wanting, for the cottages are mostly old and dilapidated, each containing two small rooms

The bar room of the present day, was once the theatre of quite a different display. The county court was formerly held in that room, where Patrick Henry, and other great men of Virginia, have been heard to thunder their eloquence.

There is a continual flow and ebb of company here during the summer, and it is only in the latter part of August, and the first few weeks in September, that the place is much crowded, when persons, with families, after having drank the waters of the other springs, come here to bathe in the waters, which possess so many secret and beneficial quali-

ties. Its influence is visible in the gay spirits and animation of the company. The amusements here are various—a ball room and a piano, where the ladies can amuse themselves; and many pretty walks of an evening over the green hill, which leads to more sequestered retreats through the woods and to groves shaded by the maple trees: rides on horseback and drives to water falls, and fishing streams, in the neighbourhood — a nd theyhave the most trans-parent of moonlights.

The forests abound in game, particularly pheasants—and gentlemen can have fine sport in that way.

The Sweet Springs are destined, at no distant day, to become a great and favourite place of resort, and its vicinity to the White Sulphur, and the facilities of getting there, give it many advantages.

The Sweet Spring water is serviceable in the varieties of dyspepsia, accompanied by spasms, or with pains at irregular intervals. In secondary debility of the digestive canal, from the exhausting heat of summer, or in chronic diarrhea and dysentery without fever.

Females of what are termed a nervous habit of body, who have been enfeebled by protracted confinement, or long nursing their children, deprivation of exercise, and of the enjoyment of fresh air, and

who have in addition to these causes of dyspepsia, made excessive use of tea and coffee, will find their health and strength restored by drinking these waters, and by using the bath.

The usual time for drinking the waters of the Sweet Springs, is early in the morning, before dinner, and at tea time. This latter period is an improper one, it has been thought; except the invalid suffer at the time from spasm of the stomach, or experience a morbid and gnawing sensation of hunger. The water is also useful in calculus and nephritic complaints. It is efficacious in those deranged states of the digestive functions which are termed abdominal obstruction. In chronic enlargement of the liver, or long standing stomach disorder with acidity, hemorrhoidal affections, and uterine derangement. The water being only tepid, the bath is not recommended for chronic rheumatism or gout.

The waters of the Sweet Springs, (save in temperature,) for their cures and in their ingredients, may be likened to those of Vichy, a celebrated watering place in France, on the banks of the Allier, eighty leagues from Paris.

CHAP. VI.

DEER HUNT AT THE WHITE SULPHUR—LEWISBURG—BRIDGE OF SIGHS—ANECDOTES.

One of the favorite amusements at the White Sulphur, is the deer hunt. The season commences after the first of August, and continues until the close of November; and during those four months it is kept up continually, and with much spirit. A very fine pack of hounds, to the number of sixty, is owned here by one of the sons of the proprietor, and it is a beautiful and novel sight to see them all going out.

The several Carolina gentlemen who spend their summers here, are particularly fond of the sport, and each morning during the season, they may be seen getting ready, with high hope in their faces, and arranging the routes and the drives for the day. And when the spoil is brought in, and displayed in the principal square, there is a great rejoicing among the sportsmen and good livers, and comparing of notes among the hunters. The fortunate hero of

the day has a feather in his cap until the next hunt, and claims the first haunch, with the privilege of making a present of the other to whom he pleases.

Great preparations were making one morning for the hunt. A slight rain the evening previous had laid the dust somewhat, and the ground was thought to be in good order, and the dogs were keen for the scent. The President was to attend the hunt that day, and much pleasure was anticipated, and the southern men were anxious to show the northerners a little real good sport.

There was a mounting and making ready among the party. Col. S——, Col. H——, of Carolina, and Dr. C——, the leaders of the chase, and the crack shots were there—and Nimrod, raising his bugle, brought forth the whole pack with their music, as loosened from the kennel they came dashing through the square.

This being an uncommon day, it was given out that the ladies could accompany the party, following, those who pleased, in carriages.

The party started and took the Greenbriar route. Nimrod with the hounds in front, and then the cavaliers with their velvet coats and caps, and rifles and double-barrels. Many of the gentlemen who carried no guns, preferred ambling along with the carriages, as much more gallant than leaving them. for other deer in the mountains.

We went forth in gallant style, and only wanted the hawkers, to have imagined ourselves in the reign of Queen Elizabeth on a Holy-rood day.

After driving for a few miles, we came to the appointed place on a turn off from the road, on a grassy knoll in the shade, which was to be our stand, and where we were left to shoot the deer if we pleased, with canes and parasols, whenever he might come by.

Occasionally we would hear the baying note of a single hound, which would die away in the breeze, then again of the whole pack. Nearer and nearer they came. A horseman dashed by in the direction of the springs. We were all again in motion, and from a station of greater eminence on the hill at a little distance, where we were promised in a short while a rare sight, as something fine had been started.

We had not waited long before a large stag made his appearance from the brushwood at the side of the mountain, and bounded into the field, the dogs after him in full cry. It was a most exciting scene. The dogs were running beautifully, most of them two and two, at full speed, and the deer about twenty yards only, in front. Three times they went round and across Briar-field, the hounds gaining rapidly—now within a few feet of him—now

the stag gaining, while many a fond wish from the softest hearts, was heard for his safety.

"I hope he will escape," said one fair lady.

"I hope he wont," said Frank H——, a great rider, "he has worried us enough to-day."

We all looked on with great interest. The boys who had read Ovid, thought of Actæon and a dark eyed girl, quoted a passage from Scott.

The affrighted animal in the mean time, knowing his danger, was making for the stream, which he gained just as Ring, a famous hound, would have had him, in another jump.

The deer, after swimming for half a mile, and cooling himself was again routed, but too stiffened then for another race, he was soon overtaken and at the mercy of the dogs; but this was out of our sight.

The company, after witnessing a deer hunt in our own times, and much pleased with the sport, went off to Lewisburg, many of them to finish the day. This is a little town ten miles from the White Sulphur. The court is held here, where parties make frequent excursions to hear a speech at the bar, dine at Frazier's, and then return in the evening.

We left Lewisburg after five o'clock, and came home in high glee, passing over the "Bridge of Sighs." This is a bridge thrown over the creek,

about two miles from the springs, and is a very pretty place for a walk of an afternoon. It is so called from the fact of a young fawn having been wounded by the hunters and escaping pursuit, having there fallen where a party just returning from a pic nic, were drawn up. The graceful animal, while expiring, yielded his last sigh at this spot, accompanied by more than one tear from pitying beauty—and hence it goes by the name of the "Bridge of Sighs."

Hunting the deer is an ancient sport, and has been patronized by all the liberal nations. It was formerly in England a royal privilege, and all the crowned heads of the realm have taken part in it.

Edward the Confessor, it is said, was a great hunter, and exacted three thousand loaves of bread from one of his manors for the support of his dogs.

As an illustration of the eagerness and excitement which characterized the followers of the sport in former times, it is related in the field book, that the Duke of Grafton, while hunting, was thrown into a ditch, at the same time a young curate calling out, "lie still my lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling we may presume was properly resented; but no such thing. On being helped out by his attendants, his grace said—"That man shall have the first

good living within my gift, if he had stopped to take care of me, I never would have given him any thing."

A traditional account is given of the celebrated spring in Germany, called Hirchsprung, having been discovered by the Emperor Charles IV., who, while on the hunt, brought a stag to bay at this spot, whence it leaped down the valley; the stag was overtaken at the sprudel, which occasioned the discovery of the spring, from which the emperor, at a subsequent period, when he was wounded in the wars, derived so much benefit, that he founded and gave his name to the town, which soon increased considerably in size, and became one of the first watering places in Europe.

In the time of the Incas, a grand semi-annual hunt was held throughout their land. About thirty thousand of the natives enclosed some twenty-five leagues of country, bordered by rivers and mountains. The hunters made a great hallowing and noise, and the animals alarmed, were hemmed in, and taken. The lions, bears, lynxes, foxes and other beasts of prey, were extirpated. Sometimes as many as forty thousand of such animals as the roebuck, fallow deer and vicuma, were caught. All the best males and females were suffered to escape; the old ones only were killed.

CHAP. VII.

THE SALT SULPHUR—THE RED SULPHUR—THE GREY SULPHUR —THE BLUE SULPHUR.

In no country within the same circumscribed space, can there be found so many valuable medicinal waters, whose qualities are of such high repute, as among the vallies of this region. The springs of the Pyrenees and of Germany, are very numerous in some parts, mostly within the different villages, but the qualities of but a very few of them can compare with the waters of the Sweet Springs, the Warm Springs, the Hot Springs, or the White Sulphur, the Red Sulphur, the Salt Sulphur, the Blue Sulphur and the Grey Sulphur—all of which are within the limits of a half day's ride.

This is one of the advantages a traveller enjoys in a visit to the springs in this section. Without being compelled to remain at one place the whole summer, he can spend a portion of his time at each, and if his health is not benefited by the waters of one spring, he can try those of another.

We left the White Sulphur one morning, to visit the Salt Sulphur, remain there that day, and visit the Red on the next, and then return to the White. The distance to the Salt Sulphur is twenty-four miles from the white, over a very good mountainous road, running through a very picturesque part of the country. We were four in company, and were getting along very pleasantly, when having gone ten or twelve miles, our driver stopped and asked if any of us wanted to visit the Organ Cave. Upon our answering in the negative, he hesitated, surprised at our want of curiosity, and remarked with much emphasis, that "it was John Rogers' Organ Cave, the most celebrated, and greatest curiosity in the states," but we still declined and pushed on. The question then arose among us, whether this was the original John Rogers, or merely some namesake, and we were very seriously discussing the matter, without coming to any decisive conclusion, when we arrived at the Salt Sulphur, in time for dinner, where the preparations were so abundant, that we were inclined to think it an extra occasion, but we were told afterwards, that such was always the case at 2 o'clock, p. m., at the Salt.

The buildings here are quite extensive, and can accommodate two hundred persons very conve-

niently; the dining room is large and airy, and the attendance very good.

The water of the spring is not so pleasant to the taste as that of the White Sulphur, though somewhat similar; having an additional dash of the sulphate of soda in its composition.

We enjoyed the fine walks in the neighbourhood over the heights, having on all sides of us the finest mountain scenery, and attended the ball in the evening which was quite a brilliant one, where we met many of our fair acquaintances from the White.

The living at this spring is so very fine, that many special excursions are made from the other springs to dine here, dance in the evening, and return home next day.

The thriving town of Union is within a few miles of these springs.

We left the Salt Sulphur next morning after breakfast, not intending this should be our last visit, and continued our route to the Red Sulphur, the distance to which from this place, is seventeen miles, over a very good road, through a wildly beautiful and uncultivated part of the country, telling of romance and adventure in every sedge and cavern and shaded stream, which you pass on your route.

You have a fine view of the whole establishment

of the Red Sulphur at a sudden turn of the road before you reach the springs.

The buildings consist of two large and commodious hotels, and several rows of neat cabins; the walks are well planned which intersect the lawns, and abound with large trees, of the sugar maple; a beautiful green hill in the vicinity forms a fine promenade in the evening. The accommodations are excellent for invalids and others, and the place is much resorted to of late years, by persons suffering with pulmonary complaints, and it is thought when the water here, fails to effect a cure, there is no remedy beyond.

The spring takes its name from the red precipitate at the bottom: the water is sedative in its effects, and reduces irritation and the pulse. It is mostly taken before going to bed at night, and before breakfast. Its principal ingredients are sulphate of soda, lime and magnesia, carbonate of lime, and muriate of soda.

There is more quietude here than at the other springs, and the sound of some lone flute in the valley, will carry back the listener to the history of the Pantheon and the Sylvan deities.

They dance here, as at all the springs, and the colored race of Virginia being born fiddlers, a musician is never out of the way.

Our companions, the most of them being gay Lotharios, from the white, could not be prevailed on to remain more than one evening, and we left this romantic spot on the next morning to return to the white, a distance of forty five miles.

We were denied the pleasure of a visit to the Grey Sulphur, which is nine miles from the Red. Those springs are owned by a Carolina gentleman, Mr. Legare, who has been extending the improvements of the place for the last three years. The waters are said to be very anti-dyspeptic, and contain sulphuretted hydrogen and several neutral salts. Those who have visited the Grey, speak very highly of the accommodations, and of the attention and politeness of the host. There is an inducement for company to visit that place, arising from the number of accomplished Carolineans who resort there with their families.

The Blue Sulphur is twenty-five miles from the White; the stage leaves the latter place regularly every morning, and arrives before dinner. The Blue Sulphur has become a very favorite and fashionable resort within a few summers past, and bids fair to be the chief watering place in the mountains, after the White Sulphur. The accommodations are sufficient for two hundred persons, and very extensive improvements are in projection. In front of

the main brick building, is a handsome three storied piazza, forming a fine promenade, before which you have an extensive level plain, laid out in walks, and bounded on both sides by the mountains, and ornamented with groves of the sugar maple, and several rows of pretty cabins. The bathing is unusually good, and the bath houses are in very fine order.

The dining room is of an agreeable size, and airy of a warm day, and the table is abundantly supplied with many delicacies.

The water in the spring very much resembles that of the White Sulphur in taste. The fountain is not so large, nor the stream so copious as the White; the water has a purplish color, and from its ingredients, it may be likened to the famous spring of Baden. It contains sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid gas, sulphate of soda, muriate of soda, sulphate of lime, carbonate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, sulphur, and animal or glairine matter. The above enumeration of its ingredients, agrees precisely with a published analysis of the spring at Baden near Vienna.

CHAP. VIII.

AUTUMN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE summer has gone with all its bright days, its joys and its pleasures, and the soft mellow rays of declining September, are falling on the woods and the hills. The edges of the horizon wear a golden hue, and the setting sun is forming landscapes in the clouds.

The mountains are robed in their highest beauty —the trees have put on their bright court dresses, of a thousand different hues, and all nature looks serenely beautiful.

> "How call you this—the season's fall
> That seems the pageant of the year,
> Richer and brighter far than all—
> The pomp that spring and summer wear."

But very few persons remain at the springs as late as the last week in September, which, with part of the month of October, is the most delightful period

to those who are fond of autumn scenery and the quiet pleasures the season brings. There is a tranquillity of atmosphere at that time—a moral philosophy of weather which must be felt to be better described or enjoyed.

The White Sulphur and the neighbouring springs are nearly deserted, a few still linger; but there is company, for those who like it, in the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country, and in the winged flutterers of the forest.

The foliage of the woods, and the meadows is of the richest kind—of every colour and every shade, yellow, purple, blue, vermillion, orange, the modest orange, scarlet, and crimson.

The Indian summer succeeds, in October, and it continues warm until Christmas. The mountaineers are bringing down their deer to sell, and their prices have fallen considerably since the consumers have thinned off, and the gentlemen in this vicinity being all shots themselves, they never purchase.

The mountains in the neighbourhood, and for some miles around, have been on fire for several days. It is a sublime spectacle to see them at night, their tops covered with sheets of living flame; the young pine trees filled with rosin, burn with a terrible cracking; and bursting, send up their red light to

the black clouds, while the beholder is reminded of volcanoes in their rage.

Fires have to be kindled below the mountains to meet those from above, otherwise the fences and corn in the fields would be destroyed.

These fires, so destructive to the verdure and growth of the trees, happen, almost annually, from the carelessness of the hunters, who fire the dry leaves and underwood to increase the facilities of procuring game, and not unfrequently from the burning of a bee-tree.

This particular region in the county of Greenbriar, and as far as the Sweet Springs, was at one time a favourite resting place for the red man. The smoke has curled from many a wigwam on these high hills, where councils and war talks have been held, and along the banks of the creek can now be found the arrow points of quivers wasted in hunt and in battle. Kate's mountain, in view from the White Sulphur, was the scene of many a bloody fight between the white settlers and the Indians. The mountain takes its name from an old lady, Kate Carpenter—who after having her family butchered, took refuge there, where she remained for some days in great jeopardy of her life.

But tales of border warfare of olden days have ceased to be interesting. The thrilling occurrences

which are now daily happening, have too much reality in them and are sufficiently exciting.

In a few years more these ancient stories will all be forgotten, and the men who came from the thunder will be gone.

Pushamataha, a celebrated chief of the Chostaws. on being questioned as to his birth, replied, 'Pushamataha was never born—a dark cloud passed over the horizon—a flash of lightning rent the tallest pine tree—the heavens opened, and out stepped Pushmataha, a full grown warrior, with his rifle on his shoulder.'

Those who heard the great Keokuk when at Washington, will perhaps remember the opening of one of his speeches where alluding to the rapid decline of his race:

"Father, I stand before you, one foot in my own nation and one foot here—the sun is before me, and the sun is behind me—he shines all day with the whites, but he sets among the red men." And again his touching remarks at a parting speech with the secretary of war: "Father, we have one thing more to ask before we go,—during our last war with the whites, one of our young girls was taken prisoner. We loved her very much, her name is the Turkey child, and the woman, her mother, has grieved for her ever since—she is weeping her eyes away at

home, and they call her the lonely one; if you will have the child restored, the woman's heart will be gladdened, and Keokuk and the nation will be pleased."

Black Hawk, whose name was once a terror in the north-west, accompanied Keokuk and his war riors to Washington in the fall of Thirty-seven, but all his power had been taken from him—he was no longer a Chief. A few years before, he had been carried through the United States, by order of the government, to impress upon him the power and extent of the country. He had been through the principal cities, and had visited fortress Monroe, and the navy yard at Gosport and seen the shipping. After he had been liberated and had reached home, he astonished the natives of the forest, in describing the wonders he had witnessed. Among other things he told them he had seen a canoe, which would hold a thousand people and a hundred big guns. This last story was past believing—they suspected him of trying to impose on their credulity. A canoe large enough for a small nation—it was too monstrous to be believed; it was decided, however, that he should accompany them on their visit to the United States, where he could prove the many wonders he had related.

I went with an interpretor at Washington to see Black Hawk. I found him a much smaller man than I had supposed him to be, apparently about sixty years of age, plainly dressed, in a calico shirt, with blue leggings, and rings in his ears. I told him I was glad to see him, and had long heard of him as a great warrior. He said he was a great man once when he was a Chief, but now, that the whites forgot to come and shake hands with him; and with an expressive countenance, he pointed to a room, where Keokuk then was surrounded by the crowds who flocked to see him. Keokuk was one of the finest specimens of a man I had ever seen—a model of nature for the sculptor, and he reminded you of Persico's statue of war at the capitol. He had a tall and commanding figure, and the stamp of a nobleman on his face, and was looked after as he walked along, with admiration. He wore a rich scarlet robe, flung over a dress of the same colored material, and the ornaments and presents about his person, were of the richest kind. No Calmuc Tartar, in his most showy costume, ever appeared to finer advantage than Keo Kuk. He was the head the Sacs and Foxes.

An Indian agent from the west, gave me an account of another speech of this great orator, made at a time when the Winnebagoes had threatened to

murder the whites at Prairie du Chien. There was a great gathering of the tribes, for a peace talk: the Winnebagoes alone, came into council with their faces painted black, a sign of hostility.

Keokuk, in an animated speech, wherein he declared himself the friend of the whites, turned to the Winnebagoes and addressed them after this manner:

„Winnebagoes, I hear that you threaten to make war on the whites—if so, when you promised them friendship last year, you spoke with a forked tongue —and your hearts were as black then, as your faces are now—Winnebagoes!" continued he, plucking a hair from his head, and holding it up—"you see this hair! If you lay the weight of your hand on a single white man, I will sweep you from the face of the earth, as I blow this hair." The speech had its desired effect.

The road passing by the White Sulphur, is the great route to the west by Guyandotte, and for many weeks, hundreds of wagons, and other conveyances, have been going by, filled with emigrants, in search of new homes. Men, women and children, of all ages, sizes and conditions. There is much character to be met with among them occasionally; and it afforded the writer of these pages much pleasure, and interest at times, to hear their original remarks, as

to the country they were going to, and what they intended to do, when they got there.

I came upon a party one day, who had been bivouacing, on the side of the way; it turned out to be a whole neighbourhood, from one of the eastern counties of Virginia, on their way to Illinois. They had with them all their farming utensils and furniture—spinning wheels, churns, and the like. The boys (a number of them) who were large enough, were supplied with guns, and they walked after the wagons and furnished the game. The old patriarch of the party, with whom I conversed, said it went very hard with him to leave old Virginny, but the lands they had just quitted, were worn out, and would not produce sufficient support for their families, which were large. They had collected several hundred dollars among them, and were going to buy and cultivate new lands in Illinois. The old man was quite pleased and surprised, when I mentioned that the emperor of China ploughed a furrow once a year, from respect to the farmers and agriculture, and calling the attention of one of the boys near him, he said, "Do you hear that, sir—that the king of China was a farmer? and if you keep straight, you may be the president of the United States yet" —nothing more true than the old man's last remark;

it is verified in the history of this country, and one of those very boys may be our future president.

Who were once the leading statesmen of the present day, and our great men in congress? Among the many instances of self made men, there is one who has been known in the councils at Washington, and much respected for his character and services. I have heard him tell his own story—how he wandered when a boy, from some where in Pennsylvania, I think, barefooted, and almost without clothes, begging his way, as he went along, and swinging to the ends of wagons, with no capital but youth and a light heart, not knowing a letter of the alphabet, or the meaning of a book.

How one day, overtaking a wagon which had stalled in the road, and which by his proffered assistance was released, the owner patting him on the shoulder said, "Be of cheer, my little man, you'll be a general some of these days." This he remembered through life.

He found his way to Ohio, and by chopping wood and clearing the forest, he made a little money—finding a stray newspaper one day, he became possessed with a strong desire to learn to read, and after the age of twenty-five he came to know his letters. He *was* made a general, verifying the prediction of the teamster—was sent to the legislature,

and afterwards elected to congress, where he was a prominent member until 1834, and only last year finished his term as governor of the state.

CHAP. IX.

JOURNAL.

Tuesday, July —.

It is two weeks this day since I arrived here, and exactly three since leaving home, towards the end of June, where the flowers look brighter, and the birds sing sweeter with us than at any other time. I set out for this terrestrial paradise—so it was described to me then—(and such I have almost found it to be) to renovate my health by drinking of its sparkling waters, and whirl away the summer hours in mirth and gladness, among its green hills and smiling valleys.

Our party being among the first arrivals, we obtained excellent accommodations, which by a little tact and management we have been enabled thus

far to retain exclusively for ourselves. I cannot but contrast the present aspect here of every thing, with that which presented itself on our first arrival. Then every thing was green and beautiful, as it is now, but more quiet than our own homes. We spent all the morning in our cabin, looking from time to time with eager eyes towards the high road in the hope of being blessed with the sight of some travelling carriage; and when the few who were here met on the walk in the afternoon, the first enquiry was, what friends are coming? When wil. they be here? Now all is life, bustle and enjoyment, and each day brings an accession to our company. It was but this moment that I saw Mr. Anderson lead the way to Carolina Row, followed by a carriage and four, filled with ladies; the gentlemen of the party following on horseback.

Scarcely have we got through the rides and excursions of one day, ere new ones are proposed for the next. "Miss —— has never been to Lewisburg, or Miss —— has never seen the cascade, or would like to see it again. We must have a ride over to the Sweet Springs; we can dine at Crow's on the way back, and then be in time for the ball."

Such is the usual preface of conversation among a circle of some twenty persons. But there 's the dinner bell, and as I saw pretty Mrs. K——'s maid

run by just now with the curling tongs, I must stop writing in order to give a look at my own coiffure, or I shall not be in time to witness the grand entree into the dining hall.

After dinner I sauntered with the rest of the world into the ball-room, which is the only general parlour here. Meeting with the J——'s, we sat down and had a long chat of more than an hour. As they expressed a wish, on leaving the room, to pay a visit in Baltimore Row, I accompanied them. We found the door closed, which signifies here, "not at home." We wrote our names and the hour of calling, on one of the pillars of the piazza, and retraced our steps home. If we had had cards with us, it would have been in accordance with true etiquette to have placed them under the door. On reaching my room, I wrote a long letter to S——, entreating her to come and join us here. After tea I merely took two or three turns on the walk, and then came up to seal my letter for the mail, and make ready for the ball; which, by the bye, was the gayest and brightest we have had. "Murray" played with spirit, and we encouraged him by dancing until half past ten—it was eleven before we had talked the day over, and as it is now sometime after, I very cheerfully say good night.

Thursday, ——.

I had just fallen asleep last night, when I was awakened by the sound of music. I listened. It came nearer and nearer, and I discovered it was the band serenading. At length they stopped beneath our window for half an hour, and then again passed on, stopping occasionally on their way, until the sounds were completely lost in the distance. Serenades are of nightly occurrence here. About three nights since, I listened to some of the sweetest music I had ever heard, from a guitar, a flute, and three voices.

Apropos to serenades, I was much amused to-day by an anecdote related to me by a lady who had an active part in the scene. It seems that she and her cousin, a young lady of much romance and spirit, were here last summer, and the first among those who were most courted and admired. Two gentlemen, friends of theirs, were to leave the springs next morning, and from some intimation given during the day, the ladies understood that they were to receive that evening a farewell serenade.

My cousin, continued she, determined to reward them and proposed forming wreaths of flowers to be lowered to them at the conclusion of their song. After some little persuasion, I assented

to the plan, and that day was spent in gathering the brightest flowers, and twining them with the dark green leaves of the laurel which grows in such abundance here into crowns for the expected troubadours. Night came, and about an hour after we had retired, we heard the anticipated sounds beneath the window; we immediately rose and attaching strings of ribbon to the wreaths, we softly raised the sash and at the conclusion of the first song, lowered them to our friends below. There was a slight pause and then some whispering among the musicians as though they were consulting how they might best reward so flattering a return of their compliment to us, so we thought at least, and were confirmed in this opinion by their singing in conclusion one of our most favourite songs.

We retired in high spirits at what we considered the success of our little frolic. In the morning on looking from the window as usual, to ascertain the state of the weather, what was our consternation, at beholding withered and neglected on the ground the *wreaths* that we fondly imagined were on the road to the Warm Springs with the friends for whom they were intended and treasured by them as precious remembrances of ourselves. It so happened that the night had been dark, and we had been so cautious in our movements, that we were neither

heard nor our offerings received. We instantly sent down our maid to rescue them from observation and could but laugh at the failure of a scheme, the supposed success of which had given us so much satisfaction the night before.

Saturday, ——.

About six o'clock this evening, a gay party of us were on our way to Briar-field, the residence of Mrs. B——, about two miles from the springs, in the direction of Lewisburg, where we were invited to spend the evening, or as they say here, to a tea-drinking. In our rides to L——, the house which stands back from the road had frequently been pointed out, when seen in glimpses through the trees, as the dwelling of one of the most amiable of ladies, and one who was exceedingly fond of the society of young people, and always taking pleasure in contributing all in her power, in any way, to their happiness or amusement.

Upon our arrival, we found quite a sociable number had preceded us, and we were very cordially received by the kind hostess. Tea was handed, and the waiters were filled with such a profusion of good things, and creams, and warm pound-cake, that we forgot, for awhile, in our delight, that we were more than three hundred miles from home in the moun-

tains, but imagined ourselves on an evening visit to a country seat near the city.

After tea, leaving the elder portion of the company to amuse themselves as they pleased, we young people, strolled into the garden, which may be easily perceived from its flourishing condition, to be under the peculiar care of its mistress. The only spot I have seen in the neighbourhood, where flowers are cultivated.

The garden is extensively laid out, abounding in fruit trees, and currants and raspberries. A small arbor is covered with the multiflora rose and honeysuckle, and the borders of the walks are lined with the prettiest flowers, pinks, mignionette, hearts-ease, ambrosias, and stork jellies—all reminding us so much of our sweet garden at home.

The evening was beautifully clear and bright, but the dew beginning to fall, we were soon called into the house by our prudent friends, to the little vexation, no doubt, of some who were wandering off alone, to the less frequented paths of the garden, endeavouring, perchance, to tell their feelings in flowers, and drinking sentiment from tulip cups and blushing rose buds. Soon after our return to the house, we took leave of our amiable hostess, and returned to decorate our heads for the ball, from the many pretty bouquets she had so generously presented us.

Monday, ——.

We are four in our cabin; C. and I. occupying one room, and having our front room to receive visitors, and our piazza for our music saloon. We are much better off than many of our acquaintances in Virginia row, where they have but two apartments in each cabin.

We attended divine service on Sunday, in the ball room, at eleven o'clock. There is no regular minister here, but generally some one is present, to officiate on each Sabbath. The day is very religiously observed, more so than at most of the northern watering places, which is saying a good deal for the high tone and moral sense of the company, and in the midst of all our pleasures, there is no little to be admired at it.

Wanting some baregè for veils this morning, C. and I. went over to the store, which is kept in the corner of Virginia row. When we entered, we found the only person in attendance, then assisting a lady in trying a pair of gloves on a little boy of five years old, who persisted most pertinaceously in thrusting his four fingers into that part intended for his thumb alone, so we had time to look about us at the many fanciful things which were arranged rather promiscuously on the shelves: dry goods, buttons, nails, laces, silks, shoes, artificial flowers, perfumery, jewelry, and in short, every thing which could be

wanted or asked for, was to be had. Suspended from the ceiling, were tin buckets, hosiery, baskets, stage whip and horns, and numerous other trifles. The person who waited on us, was more than civil, and finding what we wanted, we came away much satisfied.

In the porch were a pair of scales, where we found a young lady affecting the delicate and interesting, quite shocked to find that she weighed a hundred pounds. What must have been her contempt for me, who weigh one hundred and twenty-three? however, I am told a young lady may weigh 126 without exceeding the allowed compliment of *em bon point* beauty.

After dinner, we heard some delightful music at the ball room, both vocal and instrumental, from Mrs. —— and her sister Miss ——; it was so attractive, that we remained there for some hours.

Wednesday, ——.

We were invited to a lunch at the Colonnade this morning. We met there a very agreeable company of some dozen ladies and gentlemen; the refreshments were fine, and with much wit and good humour, the two hours went off very pleasantly. The ball in the evening was quite gay; the order of the dance is two cotillions, then a waltz, the Spanish dance, or Virginia reel, being generally the finale;

and to-night, for the first time, we had the German cotillion. One is often amused at the variety of style of dancing with different persons. We have every grade exhibited, from the ancient pigeon wing, and bobbing up and down of the country squire and miss, to the slide, or dignified walking through, of the more eastern Belle and Beau. I don't know exactly what our style can be called, but very likely it is thought *outre*, by those who prefer their own.

There is one gentleman here from Baltimore, who in defiance of his silver-tinged locks, seems to enjoy his dance as much as the youngest among the company; he scorns the modern introduction of boots, (and there I think him right) and seems to point the toe of his well-polished pump with peculiar emphasis, where the heel of some reckless Wellington passes before him.

It is impossible not to meet with some eccentricities and oddities of dress among every company gathered at a watering place; still I do wish frock coats were entirely banished from the ball room, and gloves more generally introduced. In a company, for the most part, so select as that now here, the improprieties in dress above alluded to, strikes one the more glaring.

Thursday, August —.

This is the commencement of August, called the gay month, and persons are flocking here from all quarters; more than fifty each day have to be denied admittance. The southerners, from the lower counties of Virginia and elsewhere continue to arrive, most of them have cabins provided, and their coming is anticipated.

After breakfast this morning, we returned to our cabins, and remained on the piazza chatting with our neighbours, and watching the departure of the gentlemen for the hunt; this is the beginning of the hunting season, and their preparations are all new to us.

After reading the letters from home, I took my work and sat all the morning with dear Mrs. ——, who is, without exception, one of the most charming old ladies I have ever met with; I found her conversation so instructive and interesting, that I remained with her until the appearance of the cake man reminded me that it was after twelve. This person is of no little importance here; he carries a large wooden tray, suspended from his shoulders by a leather strap, and on it is scattered in confusion akes and crakers and candies; he makes his rounds every day about noon, when, having nothing to do, we have time to feel hungry—he ever meets with a ready welcome.

At dinner every one was very gay. The gentlemen were in fine spirits at the success of their morning expedition, having brought in two fine deer, one of them said to have been killed by Col. H——, of Carolina, who is invariably successful.

After dinner, I went into the ball room to procure from the leader of the band a very beautiful waltz that is quite a favourite here, and as it was very warm, returned home, and spent the greater part of the afternoon in copying it. At sundown, Mrs. —— called in her barouche with her niece and Mr. —— and asked me to ride. I readily acceded to her proposal, and the evening being very fine, we drove as far as the Greenbriar bridge, and from being inspired by the scenery, I suppose, we entered all of us into a very sentimental conversation. We staid out so late, that on our return we found tea was over, and all of the walks and lawns lined with the gay and happy. The table was not entirely cleared however, and we managed to have our supper very comfortably. We strolled round afterwards, to one of the white cottages, and found a laughing party engaged at cards, playing old maid, we remained until one of us was left with the queen, but had no patience to stay any longer.

The ball was more brilliant than last evening, and when we left it, the moon was shining so bright-

ly, and the night altogether so fine, that a party of us walked to the spring, to take our last glass of water there, instead of having it brought to us as usual.

Saturday, ——.

The President arrived last evening, a large party of gentlemen went out in carriages and on horsback, to meet him, and welcome him to the White Sulphur. The cavalcade came in about dark, in a cloud of dust. We have had no rain here for several weeks. The ball, it is thought, will be uncommonly attractive to-night, so many distinguished persons having arrived, and we have been practising the German cotillion and Spanish dance for the last two days, to make a sensation to-night. Our waltzing company is on the increase; we have several now from New York, Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond.

Tuesday, ——.

I find a blank space of two days in my journal. We have been talking over the events and pleasures of last night. The President was there, and a great many new comers. The ladies were more dressed than ordinary, and the music played remarkably well. We also had pretty bouquets sent us during the evening which we sported.

We had the Spanish dance, introduced here, first by a gay party of Floridians, and we all acquitted ourselves very well. Gen. H—— lead off with Mrs. ——. The company remained until after twelve o'clock. Miss—— of Virginia, dropped a very costly bracelet in the walk on Sunday evening—it was returned to her the same night, by a gentleman, with the following lines anonymously.

Fair lady! there ne'er was a pleasure like mine—
That this bracelet which dropped from an arm so divine,
Should by chance, so unlook'd for, have fallen to me,
To restore the bright treasure uninjured to thee.

It must have been sever'd, unlinked from its tie,
By some throb of affection as tremulously
From the deep spring, the heart, it unresistingly stole,
And buoyantly broke from the passion's controul.

But be that as it may, I fondly shall treasure
The time, and that moment of joy and of pleasure,
When in transport of feeling, delighted I pressed,
This pretty *bijou*, you so oft have caressed.

Wednesday, ——.

We remained at home this morning, and received a great many visitors. C. keeps a list of all who call during the day. We have had a discussion with several gentlemen as to the exact height of the Venus de Medici, the standard for all beauties; there was much differing on the subject: Mr. —— said

her height was four feet two inches, and Mr. —— was certain she was five feet four, while Mr. —— who had seen the original at Florence, denied her being over four foot nine inches, in the position she stands. It was well perhaps that the point was undecided, as several ladies who were present, can now liken themselves to the Venus in stature.

We are to have a musical party this evening—a concert! and have been very busy all the afternoon in arranging and enlarging our drawing-room. We expect something of a squeeze. The gentlemen will have to occupy the piazza, and we must borrow all of our neighbours' chairs.

Thursday, ——.

Our *soiree musicale*, went off delightfully last evening, every one came, we expected, and we had some very fine music. Mrs. ——, of Nashville, sang the "Banks of Ganges" with the guitar, and accompanied by Mr. ——, with his voice and violin, and the sweet little song of "My Normandy." Mrs. ——, of Mobile, also charmed us with some pretty Spanish airs on the guitar.

We have set the fashion, and concerts are to be the rage. Mrs. —— promises one to-morrow evening at the veranda, and Miss —— will have one next week at the colonnade. We must so arrange it as not to interfere with the ball.

Friday, ——.

Captain Marryat, the celebrated novelist, has been here for some days. We had a long conversation yesterday upon many pleasant topics, and I was agreeably disappointed from what had been said of his rough manners and address. He is perhaps not very prepossessing in his appearance at first, being a thick set, gruff-looking man, and having a reserved look to a stranger; but this soon wears off on an acquaintance, and his eye has a sparkle of life and humor; and he has much anecdote.

In speaking yesterday, of one of the great poets of England of the present day, he said it was somewhat curious, that the person to whom he went to school in his young days, and by whom he had been flogged so often, that after he had become the editor of the Metropolitan, he should then have had the pleasure of paying him back in coin, at the rate of so many guineas for each flagellation.

The phrenologists here have been to request an examination of his head. He showed us the chart: Ideality, very large—Humor, large—Wit, very little. It also makes him out a very modest and diffident man, which the captain says, is about the only point on which the disciples of Combe agree in relation to him.

He says he never commenced writing, for publication, until as late as 1829. He has written with great rapidity since. We should infer, from his conversation, that he prefers the "King's-Own" to most of his works, and after that, the "Pacha of Many Tales."

He is writing a book on America. I hope he will speak well of our party, and not forget the ladies he danced with, at the White Sulphur.

Saturday, ——.

It rained during part of this morning, which made the ground so wet, as to oblige us not only to breakfast, but dine and sup in our cabin. It is amusing, such a day as this, to watch the waiters going in every direction, carrying the various meals to the different cabins.

Mrs. L—— and her daughter, being next door neighbours, came in to dine with us, and Mr. P—— and several gentlemen joined us at tea in the porch. We sat until after ten o'clock, listening to the news of the day, and were about retiring, when the sound of Mr. ——'s guitar, in Paradise row, induced us to remain awhile, to listen to its delightful tones, which he can so well draw out.

"Were it some hours later," said B——, "I should magine the music proceeded from the lute of the

White Phantom." He was instantly called upon to explain. "Do you not know," replied he, "that every dark night, as the clock strikes twelve, there is to be seen, a phantom lady in white, on the hill behind Paradise row, who walks slowly round the brow of it, singing to a silver lute, sometimes a guitar, and should any serenader protract his song until that late hour, she immediately joins him in his hymn to beauty."

This is firmly believed, I assure you, continued he, by many persons near here, and indeed I thought one night I had the fortune to behold her, but on nearer approach, I discovered what I took to be her flowing robe, only a table cloth, left hanging on the trees by some careless laundress, and the sound of her lute was only the echo of my own instrument, nevertheless you must not doubt her existence. We promised to keep a good look out for the white lady, and bade our company good night.

BALLAD.

Lady in white!
Who walks't at night,
Alone at the dreary hour,
Come tell to me,
If thou art she,
Who haunts the wood and bower.

"Yes, I am she,
Who wanders free,
O'er the hills of Paradise;
And vigil keeps,
While beauty sleeps,
And watch till darkness flies.

I once was gay,
I love the day,
But doom'd by a fairy's power,
When the moon is dull,
By the beautiful,
I roam at the midnight hour.

I music bring,
And often fling
Leaves of the sweetest roses,
Where beauty lies,
With half closed eyes,
And modestly reposes."

Lady in white!
Thy words are bright,
Come bring thy music and flowers,
Come wander here,
From year to year,
And rest in our woods and bowers.

Monday, ——.

We went to Lovers' Retreat, this evening, for the first time. C. and I., with two gentlemen, who called for us at the appointed time, five o'clock. Upon going to the door, we were a little surprised to know that we were to walk, but Mr. —— said that it would spoil the poetry of the expedition, if we were to ride, and besides, the place was unapproachable in a carriage; so we started, and rambled through the woods for more than two miles over bramble and briar, and at last came to this much-celebrated spot, in a very lonely part of the wood, which had been the scene of so many courtships, and romantic adventures; which had been written in verse, and meted in song. We sat down by the side of the large rock, where many had whispered before us, and tried to feel very sentimental.

The trees in our immediate presence, were carved with names and initials, some of which the bark had overgrown, and many were unintelligible. One of the gentlemen with us was very conversant with all the technicalities of the spot, having been here frequently before; and gave as many interesting descriptions of the persons who had figured here at various times, with many amusing details.

He asked us if we had never heard the story of the Count: he said it was a romance in real life—

a story of every day—and that he had been an eye-witness to many of the leading incidents of the drama.

About four years ago, continued he, there came to the White Sulphur, during the most fashionable season, an elderly lady and her daughter, from the north. The daughter was reputed wealthy, too wealthy for men of moderate pretensions to make their advances, and none sought an introduction; and even if they wished it, who knew them? They never came to the ball room, and their only escort appeared to be a foreign Count—he attended them to their meals, and in their walks; and while in public, his attention was most marked to the mother; in the sylvan shades, it was said, he was most fascinated with the young lady.

A gayer company of some four hundred had never perhaps assembled, than was at the White Sulphur during the summer of 183–. The belles were many and beautiful, the balls were crowded, and the green lawn each evening presented a fairy scene, in groups of ladies and gentlemen, straying like gypsying parties through the walks and groves, and the delightful interchanges of visits from one bright cottage to another, rendered a month of such enjoyment, an eve of real pleasure in the life of a visitor. Almost the entire company seemed in their social inter-

course, as though they all belonged to the same household, or had been acquainted for years.

There were three visitors, the two ladies and the Count, who kept aloof, and had no social intermingling with the rest. They had spent over a fortnight at the Springs, without making scarcely a single acquaintance. Conduct so marked, could not fail, in such a company, to draw forth remarks and surmises. The Count was still assiduous in his attentions to the daughter. They would stroll to 'Lover's Retreat' in the evening, and sing duets over the piano, when no one was present.

It was rumored they were engaged, and many said that while the mother liked the Count for his title, the Count courted the daughter for her wealth.

They had been here about three weeks, when the young lady, one evening, made her first appearance in the ball room. Its attractions had been thrown out to her by a gentleman who, by some means, had made her acquaintance, and she had been prevailed on to attend. She was much admired for her figure and grace, and she danced and enjoyed herself very much. Many gentlemen claimed an introduction; she was courted, and surrounded—she became a Belle. Many gallants were in her train next day, while the poor Count was evidently thrown in the back ground.

It was at this time, (continued B.) that I became acquainted with the Count, and found him a very clever person; he was evidently very much in love, and almost distracted at the growing coolness of the lady.

It was said, that she never really encouraged his attentions, and that but for the mother, she would have avoided a frequent intercourse, and knowing no one at the time, she was somewhat dependant on him.

A few weeks went by, the lady still a Belle, and the Count evidently neglected.

The season passed, and the party left the Springs. On their arrival at Philadelphia, at a boarding house, whither the Count followed, (it was at a boarding house where he had first seen her.)—The lady wrote him a letter, forbidding his further visits or attentions. The next morning, the Count was dead—he had taken laudanum on the night, he received the letter discarding him, and had dreamed away existence.

"————Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away, the dearest thing he owned,
As 'twere a careless trifle."

Wednesday, ——.

Our kind friend, Mr. ——, has been to visit us this morning, bringing with him his rods and fishing tackle, and leaving for us a basket of little delicacies which he had caught in the creek. He says he came to the Springs, determined to enjoy himself in his own way, and he spends his mornings in rambling and angling, and collecting shells and fossils from the banks of the many streams, and exploring the curiosities of the neighbourhood. He says there are glades, and tumbling cataracts, and cascades, and shady retreats all around, that none of us gay people ever visit or hear of, and that on the top of one of the mountains directly over us, is a glassy lake where the wild deer come to drink at all hours. He visits the old men in the mountains, some of them the original settlers, who give him the history of the country, and he learns from them many curious stories.

He has been prevailing on us to accompany him in one of his morning tours, and gather wild flowers, and has promised C—— to make her a collection of pretty butterflies. He says he hears that we are great Belles, and while other gentlemen dance with us, he'll fish for us. He tells us, moreover, that the White Sulphur water is very serviceable to the teeth, and that the frequent use of it has a wonderful effect in improving the complexion.

Friday, ——.

A travelling museum has been in the neighbourhood for some days, which a great many have been to see. This evening, when the company had gone to tea, C. and I. and Aunt, and Mr. —— went to make it a visit, feeling inclined for novelty in any shape. There were two large wagons painted red, and joined together, making two apartments, where the curiosities were displayed in their grotesque order. It was Peale's museum in miniature, for they appeared to have a little of every thing curious, wolves, bears, wax figures, Indian dresses and arrows, a large crocodile, shells, minerals, and many strings of rattles.

Among the many beautifully prepared birds, was a large white Albatross, of rare size, the first we had ever seen. The poet Coleridge has immortalized this bird, and we looked upon it with more interest than any thing in the collection. The keeper gave us most glowing and fancy descriptions of all the wonders of his cabinet. One of the wax figures represented Alexander Selkirk, and he assured us, that the rusty pistol in his hand was the very same which this celebrated personage had used while in solitude on the island.

We left the Museum, and continued our stroll to the top of the hill, near the Colonnade, where we

joined the promenaders, who had returned from tea, and were enjoying the fine views which is here had at sunset.

We came home, where C— found a bouquet filled with ambrosia and mignionette, which had been sent to her, and which determined her to go to the ball this evening; although to-morrow will be the day of the great pic-nic.

LINES TO THE ALBATROSS.

Bird of the light and snowy wing!
Fair harbinger of cheer!—
Whither now, from thy wandering,
Say, Albatross! why here?

Thy home is in the far off isles,
Beyond the southern sea,
In lands where summer never smiles;
No visitant but thee.

Where hast thou been?—what hast thou seen?
In crossing o'er the main,
When floating like an airy queen,
Above the winds and rain.

When didst thou live?—where is thy mate?
What sailor captured thee?
While thou wert in the air elate,
With pinions broad and free.

I follow thee, thro' ether sky,
I am with thee and thine;
I see thee from the dolphin fly,
And leave the fisher's line.

I live with thee—thro' many days
Of storm and tempest loud,—
And hear thee sing thy evening lays
Above the flapping shroud.

I hear thy scream of wildest note,—
A rifted wreck goes by;
Thy dirge is o'er a lifeless boat,
The sea gives up a sigh.

Proud bird! thou hast been sailing long
All over sea and shore,
But none again will hear thy song,
Thy wing will tire no more.

What brought thee death I do not know,
But Albatross. I fear
It reach'd thee from some whizzing bow
Of ancient Mariner.

Monday, ——.

This morning being the one fixed on for the great *pic-nic*, which had been in agitation for the last week, many an anxious eye was turned towards the sky to ascertain if it was favourable to our wishes and the proposed amusement of the day.

All above, gave promise of the full enjoyment hoped for below. Contrary to the usual custom, there was no stopping after breakfast to chat in the ball room, nor loitering at the Spring or on the walk, but all (the ladies) hastily retreated to their cabins to change their morning costume, and decide upon one more becoming the day's excursion. Dresses, that had long been imprisoned in the imperial, were now brought out, to do honor to the occasion. As each lady had been requested to don her favourite colour, no little hesitation ensued as to the adoption of blue, pink, green, &c. Even good old Mrs. —— entered into the excitement, and emancipated from the band box, a new blonde cap, that had been carefully put by in reservation for the President's reception.

We had the pleasure of seeing depart at an early hour the wagon, containing the numerous refreshments, and about ten o'clock, the sound of many carriages approaching the different rows to receive their destined inmates—the cries of children at being left behind—the calling of Mamas for their daughters, who having been ready for the last half hour, were now making sure, at their glasses, of their bonnets being tied, with a due regard to a becoming inclination to their left side, their ringlets being just enough out of curl to look interesting; and the merry laugh of these as returning with renewed confidence,

they jumped gayly into the carriage, family barouche —or more exclussive buggy, all announced the signal of departure, and in obedience to its call, we were every one on our way to the scene of enchantment, by eleven o'clock.

Every description of vehicle on the place was put in requisition; even an old sleigh was allowed to remain stationary only because wheels could not be found to attach to it. We followed the Lewisburg road, as far as Greenbriar mountain, then diverging suddenly, we found ourselves free from dust, and pursuing a winding road through the woods; at about twelve o'clock, we were brought within a quarter of a mile of our destination; this last part of our jaunt we were to make on foot, much to the distress of Miss Lilly, who never having been on a pic-nic in the mountains, picturing to herself a smooth turf and a dance on the green, had ventured out in satin shoes, which were but little calculated to encounter the stones, logs, and brambles which we were now crossing at every step.

The spot selected for our rendezvous was a large green, some yards in extent, enclosed on one side by abrupt and overhanging rocks at whose base, bubbled a clear and beautiful spring, and precluded from the road by rows of thick branching trees. Around were thrown immense logs of trees, which

were to serve us as seats, and the wild rose and honey-suckle were growing in the vicinity.

A table of rude planks had been hastily put together, on which the servants were busily employed in laying the cloth, and making the necessary preparations for our *dejeuner a la forchette*. And as an hour would elapse before their arrangements would be completed, the merriest of us determined to employ our time on a voyage of discovery through the neighbouring woods.

We wandered for half an hour, penetrating the darkest and most romantic looking glades, and making bouquets and wreaths of the wild flowers. Our progress at one time was somewhat retarded by a broad stream, which required no little activity to clear. Miss J—— being somewhat timid, Mr. —— gallantly caught her up in his arms, and bore her across, amid the bravos of the gentlemen, and the approving smiles of the ladies.

Upon our return, we found the rest of the company in high glee, and awaiting our reappearance. The collation had by this time been spread, and very soon the champaigne was circulating, and merriment prevailed, while the band of music, stationed in the trees at a little distance, played their sweetest tunes, though their sounds were nearly lost in the peals of our own laughter and delight. Chairs being scarce,

many preferred taking their cold chicken *tete a tete* on a log, or forming a *partie carree* on some neighbouring stumps made comfortable seats, by the gentlemen converting their cloaks into cushions. Mr. ——, of Virginia, sung his charming songs, accompanied by his guitar, his example was followed by several of the company, ladies and gentlemen, and four hours went by gaily and swiftly.

The younger portion were somewhat startled at being told that it was time to go. Some one of the party had a London paper, printed in gold letters, giving an account of the late coronation, and before we departed, at the suggestion of Mr. ——, we all drank, in champaigne, the health of Queen Victoria!

We arrived at the Springs in fine time for the ball, which passed off in uncommon brilliancy. Miss Lilly's satin slipper came into play, with much more effect than in our morning's ramble, and she enjoyed her dance to the utmost, though it was not on a green turf, and after a shepherd's pipe.

Tuesday, ——.

The pic-nic of yesterday, and the ball of last night, have been all the talk to-day. The ball was uncommonly brilliant and the dancer's were gay and spirited. The L——'s were to have left this morning

and this was their farewell ball; we lose at their departure some of our most esteemed acquaintances, who have joined with us in all our sports for the last six weeks. This is one of the horrors of a watering place: the parting with friends with whom we have been thrown together in so many intimate ways during the season, and friendships thus formed by persons who are strangers on their first meeting, are generally of the most agreeable and endearing kind, and often the most lasting.

We have had much of the scene of last night before us, in our cabin this morning, from the amuseing descriptions of persons and things, by P——. He is a great caricaturist, but is very good natured. This is a talent which is entertaining at times, when not too far indulged in, or too much encouraged. He says there was no room for him to dance, so he took his station by the piano as an observer.

He described all the elderly ladies seated round the room on the settees, with their blonde caps, giving countenance to the dance, and with the double view of engaging the attention of a distinguished Bachelor. The young women who stand in each recess in groups, knowing no partner, and not dancing, he styles as wall-flowers. He decries most vehemently against gentlemen carrying their hats in the cotillion, as a mark of indifference to their partners

and the other dancers. And he says that the country beaus who appear with their black stocks and big shoes eat up all the refreshments. We never knew before, that the entertainments which are so abundantly supplied at the balls, is afforded by the liberality of the proprietors. Waiters are handed during all the evening with wine and other inviting nic-nacs.

In the great variety of dressing here, and in the eccentricities of taste, many ladies of very small stature wear feathers and turbans, which P—— describes as very unbecoming.

He thinks it requires a woman of very fine figure and appearance to do credit, to a feather or a turban. In alluding to a young lady who persists in wearing a red spencer every night; he assured us that it was not the damsel's fault—that she was quite uneasy in her dress, and averse to coming to the balls, but that her grandma each evening after tea, fastens on her red jacket, and bids her go forth to subdue and make her fortune.

He told us, our remarks on dress, reminded him of having once been at an election ball at a tavern somewhere in Maryland, where he was introduced to the daughter of the host, a pretty sprightly girl; that when he first saw her she was dressed in white, —and at the close of every two sets of cotillions, she would disappear, and reappear in a new color.

He had seen her in white, pink, blue, green, and yellow, and upon complimenting her on her last appearance, she remarked that "she had only made six changes, that there was one more to come, and then she should shine."

Thursday, ——.

We have been occupied this morning in pressing flowers, many of them wild ones, which grow in such luxuriance here, and some of rare beauty. We will take them home, and they will serve to remind us at some future day, of our present enjoyments and pleasures.

Some several years hence they will look as fresh as ever, and the rose leaves will have a sweeter perfume than now; while our faces may be withered and we no no longer beautiful. Horrid thought,—but nevertheless 'tis true. Some of these flowers have been presents to us from friends we may never see again, and some we have gathered on sunny mornings in the woods, when all around us was bright and beautiful, and gay hearts accompanied us.

They will remain here in their imprisoned sheets, silent but speaking memorials of days that were fragrant to us.

The most minute incidents of our life, often lead to the most important results in our after dealings, and those whose lives are most crowded with strongly marked events, can generally trace their origin to some trifling circumstance, hardly chronicled in the memory on the occurrence, and that would quickly fade from the mind if they were not really the starting links in the great chain of human events.

How often has a kind look given the first impulse to the quick throb of love so ever ready to vibrate in the human heart. How often has a leaf been the mute though eloquent messenger of communicating tender thoughts from heart to heart, and finally united in destiny, the giver and receiver. How often too alas! has the slightest incidents separated for ever, those who but for its occurrence, would have united in one, like two summer clouds; or moved in unison like the meeting of two mountain streams.

——— *August 25th.*

The gentlemen have all gone to a great dinner given to the President, at the Greenbriar bridge to-day, and the ladies are left entirely to themselves. I sent some English newspapers to Mrs. ——— this morning, which we had received from New York. She is very fond of such reading, and though *no one* line escapes her vigilance, her memory is so short,

or so little troubled with what she reads, that you may send her the same journal three times over, and she will peruse it as eagerly as at first. This is the last week in August, and many talk of leaving very soon. A large number of our acquaintances are only waiting for rain. Our Baltimore friends in Carolina Row, leave us to-morrow. They will remain one week at the Sweet Springs, then to the Warm—the great gathering place at the close of the season, and then home.

As the hour of parting and the close of the season draw near, we all begin to feel a little melancholy, but there must be an end to all pleasure, and why should we grieve, who have run through such a season of delight.

Thanks to some Troubadours for a sweet serenade last night.

Sept. 4.

More than two hundred persons, nearly one half of our company, will leave here by Saturday, and in another week there will not perhaps be one hundred at the White Sulphur. We remain near two weeks longer. We understand from those who have experienced it, that the latter part of September is the most pleasant period in the mountains, and that during the month of October, they have here, the finest Indian Summer, which continues until near

Christmas. Most persons leave here too soon. On the general day of breaking up, the first Monday in September; all follow, save a few Southern families, and some of the lovers of nature.

The President is at the Sweet Springs, and we hear the place is crowded with company.

The ladies of our party, and a few of our friends, are going on a serenading expedition to night.

September 10.

* * * * *

Another week gone, and nearly all our friends have departed, we have been taking leave during that time—each morning and evening with tears in our eyes of our many acquaintances. The S's. were the last to leave us to-day, as their carriage drove round by Carolina Row, the gentlemen and nearly all the company present waved their handkerchiefs, and they departed with universal regret. We all felt lonely for the remainder of the day.

Several entire rows are closed; and the lawn is quite silent. Mr. Anderson is not so busy now, he has called at our cabin several times in the last few days, to know if we wanted a chair or a second table.

The ball room is deserted; we formed but one cotillion last evening, and the musicians seemed quite out of spirits.

The evenings are now most beautiful for walking and driving.

I took a solitary walk this evening to the top of the hill, near the Colonnade, and sat down, and thought of all that had passed since our first arrival at the Springs. It was at the time of sunset, and the golden hues were tinging the green trees of the mountains; the air was soft—the sky unclouded; singular feelings came over me, and I fell into a dreaming reverie.

Are there not times? say Mrs. Jamieson—"when we turn with indifference from the finest picture of nature—the most improving book—the most amusing poem; and when the very commonest and every day beauties of nature, a soft evening, a lovely landscape, the moon riding in her glory through a clouded sky, without forcing or asking our attention sink into our hearts?"

I thought of the many bright faces, and gay hearts, with whom we had mingled this summer—the loves, and the courtships—and the pleasures of each passing day. All were now gone. The company had separated for their respective homes: Some had come, fresh, and alive for novelty and enjoyment, and had left delighted: Some with hearts beating with love, and anxious for conquest, had gone away disappointed. Some who had been more for-

tunate in their feelings, and attachments; and in the attentions they had received, had left, pleased, and anticipating future happiness.

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——— *September* 12.

We have had a letter from the Warm Springs, the place is thronging with company, and they all knowing each other, enjoy themselves exceedingly. The ball room we hear is very brilliant, and all are in the finest spirits.

They make excursione there, during the evening, to the Warm Spring Rock, to the top of which a Virginia lady once ascended on horseback; where they the eye feasted, and the soul drink in inspiration from the glorious beauties of the surrounding scenery.

Near the Warm Springs also, is a tumbling cataract, of more than two hundred feet in fall, which but few have ever visited. We shall certainly go there on our return.

We are to leave the White Sulphur to-morrow morning after breakfast. We have been round to take leave of all who are here. We have visited for the last time, this evening, each spot made dear

to us from association; and taken a lingering farewell look of them all.

We looked in at the ball room at nine o'clock. There were but four ladies present, and the music was endeavouring in vain to call forth the spirit of the dance.

I am afraid te read to night anything what I have heretofore written in my journal. I have been recreant to my intention; have put down but half what I should; and neglected to insert many better things, Hark, there is music; 'tis a farewell serenade beneath our window. They are playing and singing "Home, sweet home."

No whisper!—hear
That soft, sweet song,
To me most dear.
I've lov'd it long.
It comes to me at the silent night,
And it fills the soul with calm delight.

I've heard that strain
In times before,
Breathe it again;
I'll ask no more.
My heart goes back—and I long to roam,
In the garden paths of my own home.

* * * * *

Thursday, Sept. 13, ——.

We have breakfasted. Our carriages are at the door, and we will leave it in a few minutes. Our friends are in the piazza, come to say "Good bye." These are the last lines I shall write in my journal, and I have but one moment more. The maid who is strapping my trunk, is almost in tears; and says she is sorry we are going.

We are called. I must conclude. Farewell, White Sulphur. Farewell to thy scenes and thy pleasures, and thy oak shades, and thy beautiful fountain; farewell to Paradise Row, and the Gothic cottage, and the Colonnade. Good bye, Mr. Anderson; good bye, Davy, Duncan. Farewell to you all!

THE STORY OF A CRUTCH.

CHAP. X.

THE STORY OF A CRUTCH.

PART I.

They call me an old crutch now. I don't know what I may be hereafter; but I too dearly remember what I have been. I wish I was back in my primitive days again, showering down acorns from the old oak on the little boys, and where the wild pigeons came twice a year and made love on the branches, and told of the sights they had seen in other places far away. Those were happy times; there's pleasure in the woods.

It was an evil hour when the chopper came, and with his axe felled the lofty pride of the forest—so all used to call our tree as they passed. I remember having been carried along with other timber to the navy yard at Philadelphia, where I remained for some time. Parts of our old parent went off to sea in ships; but I was thrown by, being a small affair,

among the waste wood. When, one day, oh! horror of horrors! I was manufactured into a crutch, for an invalid sailor, at the marine hospital.

My master had been in the wars in early life, and had fought in the battles of his country on lake Erie, where he had been slightly wounded, and now was a pensioned sufferer on the government. He was a right good old man; but, whenever he got excited, fighting over the last action, which he did to every new comer, he would bring me down on the stone pavement, or iron railing, or some other hard substance, and I became near being banged to a splinter; then it was that I thought of the pigeons, and the acorns, and wished that I had been sent to sea with mast and spar.

My old master at length took sick, and was confined to his straw bed for some months; during which time, I had some respite in walking, but was used as a call-boy, by pounding the floor twenty times a day. I was demanded one morning, in a case of necessity, for an officer who came to the hospital with a fractured leg, and having been ornamented with a red cushion at top, and sawed off two inches below, (no end to my sufferings,) I became the supporter of dignity with an epaulet.

I was not confined, however, to the precincts of the sailors' enclosure any more, but made occasional

excursions with my new master, who was fast recovering, into the city, and among the fashions of Chestnut-street.

The lieutenant soon became as tired of his quarters as I was, and to our gratification, was invited by a relation to remain in the city. I soon parted from him, however, for, recovering from his wound, he had no further service for me, and he made me a present to an old friend, a sea captain, who had just returned in a merchantman from a long cruise, and was confined with the gout at the City hotel, where I was condemned to undergo all the tortures of his bad temper. My master would sit in his room at night, drinking brandy and water, and, stirring me around in the fire, would say, "I'll burn my crutch if I don't have vengeance." He always swore by his crutch.

One night he took it into his head that he would go to the theatre; whilst there, in the saloon, taking imaginary offence from the remark of some by-stander, he raised me, and struck the gentleman over the head; and, in the disturbance and row that followed, crutch and captain were taken to the watch-house forthwith. Here, while the evidence was being given, I was handled by watchmen, and gazed at by the crowd; the captain all the time swearing like a trooper. Bail was given, and we were released from

the wretched hole. The captain never left his room after that night; he went off suddenly, very shortly afterwards, with an apoplectic fit, brought on by hard drink.

In a few days I was carried, along with the effects of my late owner, to auction, and sold, ay sold, for a less sum than was given for the brass tacks in my cushion.

I was bought by a physician, who wanted me for a patient that had been suffering a long time with a complication of diseases, and with the most acute pains in his limbs. He had tried every remedy recommended by the faculty, and visited many of the principal watering places, without effect. I am now with this gentleman, a man of large fortune and taste; but who is deprived of every enjoyment on account of his health.

He has at last been recommended by some wise person to bathe in the waters of the Hot Springs, in Virginia; and thither we depart to-morrow morning. I am delighted at this; for, ever since the fracas at the theatre, and the scene at the watch-house, I have been anxious to leave this place, and get among new people and scenes.

PART II.

It is related that a gentleman came to the Hot Springs from the north, in a very low state of health; he came there to bathe, but being too feeble to proceed as far as the White Sulphur, to drink those waters preparatory to using the bath, they were brought fresh to him regularly every morning, at some expense, from that place. In a week or two he commenced bathing, and tried them all—the spout-bath, the boiler, and the pleasure-bath; and was soon able to take part in the raging amusements of the place—chess and backgammon; and he looked forward very anxiously to the day when he migh join the dancers at the other Springs. He was often tempted, as it was, to ride over to the Warm, and look in on the ball-room, but he was ashamed of his crutch in such company; and supported by this faithful companion under his right shoulder, he would often soliloquize, and lament his hard fate. He little knew the virtues of this crutch.

One morning, after some weeks of continual bathing and care, he went into the pleasure-bath, still requiring the assistance of his crutch. There was no one in the bath that morning. He thought he felt uncommonly well; his whole frame seemed more elastic than usual; his spirits were exhilarated

to a greater degree than he had known them for years; he was once more in Chestnut-street. He stood erect; he walked over the bath a well man, without any assistance. After his first transports of delight, he suddenly thought of his crutch; it was not with him. Had it left him, or had he come into the bath without it? Certainly not. Where was it? He passed his hands over his eyes; was he dreaming? There was the crutch directly opposite, in the same erect attitude as himself. He advanced towards it; followed it round and round the bath many times, surprised at his own vigor and activity. The crutch in his imagination assumed a new shape; he thought he saw a dancing leg capering in the stream; he tried his own; they were well and nimble. He heard an approaching noise of the cripples coming in at their regular time. What would happen now? He was a man of reading and romance, and had heard of stranger things and wasn't disposed to be over curious or surprised; he determined to keep the secret, and left the bath.

The cripples entered the bath; they saw nothing surprising. In a little while, one who had been a bather much longer than the rest, thought he saw a leg; he pursued it in silence, until he danced himself; he kept the secret for fear of being laughed at.

How many have since followed that leg around

this stream, it has never been known; but there it is said to be still dancing, invisible to all but the helpless sojourner, who only beholds it after some weeks of probation at the Springs.

The original invalid who came with the crutch to the Springs, left very suddenly, to avoid all questions and remarks on his recovery; and often afterwards, whenever he heard that a friend had gone to the Springs, would be heard to remark, 'I hope he may see the dancing leg.'

CHAP. XI.

BEAVER-DAM FALLS—THE MAID OF THE CASCADE.

Among the many attractive spots for wild scenery, and natural curiosities, which have as yet been discovered in this picturesque region of our land, are Beaver-Dam Falls, within a few miles of the Sweet Springs. It is a favorite drive of an afternoon for many gay parties of pleasure from the Sweet, and many come over from the White Sulphur to write poetry under the shade of the dark rocks, and listen to the singular murmuring of the waters which abound with petrefactions of the prettiest kind.

It is off from the road in a silent retreat, where the old trees which have been flourishing there for centuries, seem only to change their appearance in wearing a darker dress every year; and look as if guarding the glassy stream which has for so long a

time reflected their branches, as part of their own province, defending it from the sun. The beavers formerly held possession of all this neighbourhood, and many of their little residences in the shape of bee-hives are still to be seen here. The dam at the Falls was fashioned by their own hands, and here they lived, until poetry and nature, giving way to civilization, the beavers left the country, or were annihilated.

So romantic a place can hardly have failed to have given rise to tales of love and romance. Connected with its celebrity, is an incident of life of recent occurrence, which is here written in verse.

THE MAID OF THE CASCADE.

THE MAID OF THE CASCADE.

In times of late, there was a fair young maid!
Whose soft poetic and romantic mood,
By shaded stream—and water fall and glade,
Oft sent straying in her solitude.

She was more handsome than some women are;
Dark eyes—fine form—and pretty foot withall;
And few maidens with her could compare,
In dance, or grace, or waltzing at the ball.

Ah me! how many fine young men I've seen,
Sighing for love of her, and twining flowers,
In sweet bouquets, of pinks and myrtle green;
To lend a fragrance to her laughing hours.

In rides by day—in walks by silent night,
But I misname, for in this happy place,
There's nothing dark:—'tis soft moon-light,
Or day come back with poetry and grace.

At all these times, the courted and the gay;
The life—the laughing beauty of the throng;
She gave so much to wing the time away,
With flashing wit, with music, and with song.

Some there were;—you'll meet them every where;
They are, perhaps, at most a harmless set:
Who said that other women were as fair;
And as for her they thought her a coquette.

Their dark whispering often she had heard;
But what cared she, to her it was the same
If envy even in the fancy word,
Did style her grace by any other name.

But we digress—there was within a mile
In distance, from the sweet, sweet Springs—
How oft the thought of them an hour beguiles;
What witching joys their recollection brings.

There was within a wild and rugged glen
Half seen, half shaded from the passing view;
Where long ago the beaver made his den—
A spot which legend and romance well knew.

There was a rock, that hung above the stream,
  which softly flowed in beauty through the glade;
And where it stopped, what broke its quiet dream?
  The falling waters of a bright cascade.

'Twas said if on that rock, engraven there
  By maiden hand, a lover read his name,
That then by all most beautiful and fair,
  Her hand! her snow-white hand, he then could claim.

There she determined in a merry mood,
  To write a name that none of them could read.
"'Twill puzzle all," she said, "make a prelude
  To other farces"—but now to proceed.

One evening, long before the sun had set;
  On foot alone, on sportive mischief bent,
This laughing girl whom many called coquette,
  Had reached the spot—too late then to repent.

As then she thought: and now with light step stealing,
  She trembling walks; she pauses—looks around;
But hush! what noise? it comes now revealing
  No fearful thing;—the waters' murmuring sound.

One step; another:—she's there in her delight:
  Her trembling hand with busy thoughts essayed
To write some name—when giddy from the height
  She falls in the basin of the bright cascade.

There like a Nai'd, beneath the water's play,
Struggling, her confusion to recover,
All in the dancing stream in fright she lay,
Until rescued by a gallant lover.

* * * * *

Some months went by; the scene was changed, and now
Where fairy forms are gliding to and fro;
And brightest smiles are wreathing every brow,
The girl of summer days is bending low.

A falling veil of snowy whiteness covers
Her dark hair: her hand she disengages,
To take the token given by all lovers—
The ring—the marriage cement of all ages.

She was a Bride—their daily bliss now heightens
Of him—and her who was the courted maid!
And 'mid the scenes their cherished mem'ry brightens
Is their adventure at the bright cascade.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AT THE SPRINGS.

CHAP. XII.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER AT THE SPRINGS.

The greatest variety of character is always to be met with at watering places; and as our country is the land of originals, whoever goes forth in search of the curious and the picturesque, will be most certain to find it.

Foreigners, travelling, generally have very singular notions about us; and mistaken ideas as to the topography of the country: astonished at its extent as they advance, and wondering if there can be any thing beyond. One would sometimes think that the United States was not laid down on the maps sold in London and Paris.

A Swiss gentleman, who had been some time at the north, made a jaunt last summer from the White Sulphur to Guyandotte, for the purpose, as he said, of taking a view of "de Mississippi."

He was asked, on his return, how he liked the looks of the mighty stream; but he was very shy of the subject ever after.

The Mississippi river is many miles from Guyandotte.

Many enquiries were made this summer for Col. P—., the former gallant master of ceremonies, per choice, of the ball-room at the White Sulphur. He had grown grey in the service of his country and the fair; and the belles and beaus of the last six seasons have many flattering notices of him in their journals and recollections of those days.

The Colonel had a way of preserving, by his example and tact, the best order among the gentlemen and the dancers; he regulated the music; introduced young ladies, who were strangers, to partners for the cotillion; and a determined shake of the head from him, would throw a noviciate off his balance.

He was a great favourite with the ladies and an asserter of their rigdts, and always had some humorous anecdote for them. He was the founder of a very useful society for the encouragement and promotion of marriage, which he very whimsically

styled, "The Billing, Wooing and Cooing Society." The articles of the constitution were written on a long roll of pink paper, manufactured for the purpose, and signed by no less than seventeen hundred gentlemen, from all parts of the United States. It hung in the ball room on the wall, (even on Sundays) where its advocates would be constantly reminded of their faults, whenever they went amiss; and it is said to have had a very beneficial effect on many young men.

Many will remember, when during the summer of thirty six, then late in the season, when the ladies had given up, from fatigue or their own reasons, attending the ball room every evening; how the Colonel, in despair at not having a dance, gallantly placed himself at the head of the band, and went round and serenaded them all. This last appeal was irresistible, and the attendance was large so long as the Colonel remained.

We hope to have the pleasure of again meeting the amiable Colonel at the same agreeable place, superintending and providing new pleasures for the fair, and in restored health and excellent spirits.

An hour at the Spring during the morning and evening, when the company all gather there, is the time for observation—where you may learn the news, survey the new comers; and where diffident men take stolen glances at beauty.

It is long before breakfast, just after sun rise, and rather cool; here comes a gentleman wrapped in his thick morning gown, with slippers and cap, he stops at the Spring, dips the long-handled glass and takes one draught; he whistles himself awake, takes another, and then returns to Bachelor's row, to sleep an hour. There comes a maid with a pitcher to carry the cooling draught to some sleeping beauty in Paradise row.

Two old gentlemen have come to the Spring; they are discussing the merits and great benefits to be derived from the use of the waters. One of them says, he has been in the habit of taking six glasses for some mornings past, and he feels so much better, he believes he will now take eight.

Numbers are coming in, impatient for their daily libations. Dyspepsia enters the area, weak and wasted; he takes perhaps four glasses, and retires with a renervated walk. Hypochondria comes; he sees no one for awhile, and will know no one; he drinks one glass, seats himself, and in a little while has taken four more; he rises—tries to smile, and makes a remark on the weather.

The reveller of last night, drinks several times with rapidity; he feels refreshed, and exclaims—

> Cheering draught to the poisoned soul,
> When it has been steeped in the purple bowl.

By this time, the area of the Spring is filling up. Ladies and young misses, old men with canes, invalids, and early risers; and often you may see the blooming face of some young fair one, who prefers the breath of the morning air, to sleeping until breakfast.

There is a small pale man in black; he has taken a seat and is resting with his chin on his cane; occasionally he raises his head, and gives an unmeaning stare at some persons just entering the Spring-house, and with a look of apathy, he beholds, and hears the laughing talk of the gayer crowd around him. He is an invalid, and an entire stranger; go to him, and offer your hand—ask him how he feels this morning—if the waters benefit him; he will thank you from his heart, and smile perhaps for the first time since his arrival. How much a kind word from any one, will gladden the heart of a poor invalid at a place like this! the most trifling notice which costs you nothing will be to him a blessing: Remember this, young ladies! forget it not, Lothario's!

Within a few yards of us, is another Spring, where the noisy servants are drawing water for the cabins.

But there's the breakfast bell, and now all hurry to the hall, with sharpened appetites.

Five o'clock in the afternoon. We are at the Spring again. The first bell has rung. Unlike the gathering of the morning, they are coming in merry groups, all are wide awake. The robed bachelor of the morning, is now the gay Lothario. The veiled female of that hour, is now the attended belle at the Spring.

The crowd is approaching from all the walks. The ladies, some with parasols, or a light kerchief over their heads—some on the arms of gentlemen—some walking alone, or in parties. Here comes one large gentleman with a lady on each arm, his wife and wife's sister, or he is an uncle with two nieces, but his convoy is too large to enter between the pillars, and he detaches one, who is joined by an acquaintance, to whom the large gentleman smiles a vote of thanks.

The Spring is surrounded, there are but two dippers and many have to wait, which time is pleasantly filled up with lively talk, and the place resounds with the merry ring of some gay hearted laugh.

The belles are here, and the beaux are not far off. Apart, you hear the remarks of the bystanders,

on the beauty of some fair drinker, and the admiration of the distant gazers. Look at her, says one, how surpassingly beautiful. See—

"She drinks—she drinks; behold the matchless dame;
To her 'tis water—but to us 'tis flame."

The ladies are dressed for tea, and many of them will go afterwards to the ball room in the same attire.

By special invitation we were present at an entertainment given at the Wolf, in honor of the advent of the hunting season on the same evening.

Who has been to the White Sulphur and not heard of the "Wolf?" it is almost as old as the Alhambra, and quite as celebrated in its way. It is a castle also, after its own style of architecture, and stands on the borders of Wolf Hill, and joins the row of the same name, and commands the finest view of the surrounding scenery and the mountains. It is ornamented with two piazza's, or as a late Col. in the army used to say, it has a "Pizarro" in front, and a "Portorico" in the rear.

This is the residence of Nimrod and the fox-hunters. The apartments are decorated with the trophies of many a successful days' sport, in the branching antlers of stags—brushes—bearskins—

and a great variety of fire-arms—hunting dresses—and bugles—which are hung around.

The party on this occasion numbered about twenty. The firing of a gun from the front door, (something new) was the signal that all was ready—and to notify absent guests who were expected, to be forthcoming.

The table was spread with a most inviting repast, the delecate productions from the limits of twenty miles: The noble deer was there before us, the spoil of the morning, in every shape in haunch, in stew and in stake—and barbecues and strange dishes, all novelties to a city man. In the centre of the table was something peculiar—it's name is no uncommon, mint-julap, but we had never seen one like this. The tumbler, if it can so be called, was of half gallon size, frozen on the outside, and so rich were the contents, the green herb was actually sprouting from the surface, or else very ingenously placed there. The top was ornamented with flowers, to make it more insinivating, as Capt. —— observed who sat near me. This was passed round to be looked at, various times, but it still appeared as original and as fresh as at the beginning; or magic changed the glass.

The enjoyment and merriment were rare—the characters were original—the stories were new and

good—and the songs were new; the traveller is seldom favored with such a treat. Claret was the general drink I believe among the Fox-hunters of old, but Hock appeared to be the favorite beverage here. And among the many sparkling songs was the following, which was dedicated to the virtues of Hock:

Away with all grief—
And let us be merry,
And fill up the bumpers with wine;
But let it not be
With Madeira or Sherry—
But Hock! give us Hock!
Sparkling Hock! from the Rhine.

For Hock is the wine—
And it comes from the Rhine—
From the land of old legend and song;
And drink as we may
The heart rises gay—
As night with her shades, and her joys flies along.

When we drink of its nectar—
The fancy in dreams,
Wanders away to the soft flowing streams:
To the land where the maidens
Are tilling the vine—
And pressing the grape
On the banks of the Rhine.
And now let it be—
Thro' this land of the free:
Far and wide on her bright banners spread:
While beauty shall shine—
That Hock is the wine;
Thro' summer and winter 'till youth shall have fled.

It was now late—and the serenaders being announced with their music, the party broke up, many of them to accompany these important characters on their rounds, while the author of Peter Simple and myself, made our way to Georgia Row.

Phrenology thrives well at the Springs, not because it is the only head profession here—but from there being so many persons at all places like this, who are very willing sometimes, to be made pleased with themselves when the cost is so little.

Several of the disciples of the science of Combe and Spurzheim, were on the ground during the summer. I attended the lecture of one at the ball room. The author after expatiating largely upon the vast benefits arising to mankind from the art, blindfolded himself, and said he was ready to pronounce upon the head of any well known individual present.

A little boy with a large head was sent up—he mounted the chair, and science began "remarkably fine head—the organs are very prominent—benevolence very large—I should say, he was a man whose whole course of a long life had been devoted to charitable objects—" here the audience smiled, and the little girls tittered, and the youngster came down; and the lecturer went on to say, that he would examine heads that evening; and furnish characters from dinner until dark at one dollar each.

I never would throw a pebble in the way of science, and Phrenology no doubt is a very pleasant belief, for those who have flattering developments.

"Old Charley" is a character who must not be forgotten, for he is a grand caterer of the mess-hall, and a great killer of sheep; besides which he fills many important offices. He attends at the 'Wolf,'

on great occasions, and is the grave-digger, par excellence; whenever that service is required, and he often complains that his spade gets rusty, so few persons die here. He has performed many wonderful feats in his way; such as beating the best marksmen of the south and west, even some of those who have shot with Colonel Crockett. He has rode from the White Sulphur to Union, and back, between sun down and dark, to use his own words; and he boasts of having taken in the knowing ones, when horses were the trade and good bargains were to be had.

He has a red glassy eye, which he shoots at you sideways, with a very meaning expression; and the boys and old women of the farms say he is a conjuror; no wonder, when he has been seen to come from the direction of the grave yard at hours when but few else were stirring.

He converses very freely sometimes, and whenever the conversation is military, he has a tale about having seen "forty thousand Britishers at the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in 1809," and he will go over the whole battle very correctly and graphically, according to his own notion.

He will no doubt live a long time yet, and then disappear very suddenly, as most conjurors generally do.

Duncan is a hero, and I had almost forgotten him, though he never forgets the lodgers in Alabama Row, which is his province, and so faithful and attentive that he never leaves it. Georgia Row is only a short distance off; but he knows about as much of its precincts as he would of that state, if questioned.

He boasts of Scotch descent; and has the twang on his tongue: this perhaps, accounts for his superstitious dread of the Jack O'Malanterns which are seen about the Spring of dark nights: he calls them great misleaders.

Duncan expects a rich harvest next summer at the White Sulphur.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

The White Sulphur Springs, owned by James Calwell, esq. in the county of Greenbriar, Virginia, are 260 miles from Washington, and 200 miles from Richmond.

Travellers to the Springs from the North generally come by the way of Washington, where they take the steamboat to Fredericksburgh 60 miles. The remaining part of the journey is by land travel over a very good mountainous road for the last 100 miles of the route. Travellers by the public stage reach Charlottesville at the close of the first day after leaving Washington, passing through Staunton on the next; breakfasting at the Warm Springs on the morning of the third day, and arrive at the White Sulphur the same evening.

The Warm Springs are forty miles this side of the White Sulphur on the same road. The Hot Springs are five miles beyond the Warm. The Red Sulphur is 45 miles from the White. The Sweet Springs are sixteen miles from the White. The

Salt Sulphur is 270 miles from Washington, 25 miles from the White Sulphur; 22 miles from the Sweet Springs; 16 miles from the Red Sulphur, and 60 miles from the Hot and Warm Springs.

The traveller enjoys even in the warmest days of July and August, a refreshing breeze during the morning and evening; riding generally from four o'clock A. M. until nine P. M. The time occupied by private conveyances from Fredericksburg to the White Sulphur in six days.

The following Extracts are taken from a late English work, by Edwin Lee, of Cheltenham:—

"The class of Sulphurous Waters is one of the most important and efficacious in the removal of many intractable diseases. The sulphur exists most frequently in combination with hydrogen gas, on which account these waters in general do not bear exportation. Carbonic acid gas and various salts, sometimes in large quantities, also enter into their composition. As they are exceedingly stimulating, their use requires much caution and discrimination, especially in weak persons of an irritible and nervous temperament, and in those disposed to congestion of the brain or lungs, or to hemorrhagic affections. Their action varies according to the manner of their exhibition, and to the peculiarities of individual cases. Used in the form of both their primary operation is on the skin increasing the activity of its capillary circulation and secretion, and on the system: their operation upon the mucous membranes and viscera being consequent to their action on the surface.

"Internally taken, they act primarily upon the mucous membranes of the stomach and bowels, of the air passages or urinary organs. According to circumstances generally exciting the secretion of bile, and abdominal venous circu-

lation: thus their sensible operation is aperient, diaphoretic, diuretic, or expectorant, according to the manner in which they are used, the constitution and disease of the patient, the nature and quality of the saline substances they contain. They may generally be employed with advantage in some atonic conditions of the circulation, especially of the abdominal venous system giving rise to piles, and hephatic obstructions; in affections of mucous memberanes accompanied with increased secretion, as chronic disease of the urinary aparatus with mucous discharge, and chronic pulmonary catarrh. In cutaneous and rheumatic affections, they frequently prove more efficacious than any other class of remedies. Among the most powerful virtues of this class of Europe, are those of Aix La Chapelle, Baden near Vienna' Harrowgate and the Pyrenees.

ACIDULOUS SPRINGS.

"Under this head many writers on mineral waters place all those springs which contain a large proportion of free carbonic acid, They are for the most part cold, very sparkling, and effervescing without smell, of a sharp piquant taste, and soon lose their properties by exposure to the atmosphere. Their operation is cooling and refreshing, and at the same time exhilirating, altering the quality of the secretions of the alimentary canals and kidneys, and increasing their quantity. These waters are very commonly taken either pure or mixed with wine, as an ordinary beverage, and are not unfrequently exhibited in febrile and inflammatory complaints. They sometimes, however, prove too exciting, producing head-aches, heaviness, confusion of ideas, with general agitation and sleeplessness; but are highly useful in many cases of dyspepsia, nervous affections, with the character of relaxation or torpor, pulmonary complaints, and diseases of the urinary organs. The sweet water is perhaps the best and most familiar water of this class."

Under the above head may be classed the Sweet Springs, in Monroe county, Virginia, which has been described in the preceding chapter.

SALINE APERIENT SPRINGS.

"This class of Springs is distinguished from others in containing as a predominating ingredient sulphiate of soda, (Glauber's salt) or sulphate of magnesia, (Epsom salts) which sometimes exists in large quantities; the other mineralizing substance, exist in comparatively small proportions. Some of these Springs are very gaseous and of a high temperature, others are cold and contain but little gas. The Hot Springs are usually energetic in their action and exceedingly exciting to the system, generally stimulamulating the vascular aparatus, and increasing the secretions. The cold ones are antiphylogestic, cooling, and aperient purgative, or diuretic, according to the quantity taken. They usually bear exportation well, and are less objectionable than the majority of mineral springs in states of vascular phethora, febrile affection, and congestion. Artificially prepared they are nearly as efficaclous as the natural waters, especially the imitations of those which contain but little carbonic acid gas, manufactured Epsom, Seidlitz or Cheltenham salts are but little inferior in efficacy to those procured from the springs themselves, and are very commonly used in the ordinary practice of medicine. Seidlitz is a village in Bohemia, celebrated on account of its bitter purging water; the predominating salt, is the

sulphate of magnesia of which there are more than one hundred grains to the pint, as it is not gaseous, the water does not lose its properties by being carried to a distance, and is much exported."

The waters of the white Sulphur Spring, have been bottled in large quantities during the present year, and exported to all parts of the United States.

The waters of the Red Sulphur are also in progress of being bottled by a gentleman, every way competent and active, and will be sent to any part of the Union, at a fair rate of expense. These several waters it is said, preserve their virtues and taste for any length of time; the bottles being carefully sealed with wax, at the moment of being filled from the Spring.

Mineral Springs may be divided according to their temperature into

Cold	- at	-	65° Farenheit.
Cool	- from	65° to	77
Tepid	-	77° to	90°
Warm	-	90° to	98°
Hot above	-	-	98°

The temperature of the White Sulphur Spring is - - - - -60° Faren.
The Red Sulphur - - - - - 54°

The Salt Sulphur has a temperature of 50° which is the same of those of Tunbridge, in England.
The Warm Springs have a temperature of 97° Fa.
The Sweet Spring water is nearly tepid at 73° Fa.

At the Hot Springs, in Virginia, the temperature of the different baths verge from 103° to 106°

They have the Gentleman's Hot Spout bath; the Gentleman's Boiler or Sweat bath; the Lady's Boiler; the Lady's Hot Spout bath. And in addition to these four baths above mentioned, is the Pleasure bath, which is contained in an octagonal reservoir of thirty feet in diameter, and five feet deep; there are two spouts of two inches diameter constantly pouring streams of hot water into the reservoir; the temperature of this water is between 98° and 99° and the whole is covered by an octagonal building, furnished with a dressing room; this bath is used alternately by ladies and gentlemen for periods of two hours.

Baths are usually taken in the morning, two or three hours after drinking, at a temperature between 86° and 96°. They increase the activity of the cutaneous circulation and secretion; perspiration being not unfrequently produced. They have also a sedative effect on the nervous system; the pulse becomes slower while in the bath, and a tendency to sleep frequently supervenes. Acting on the

surface of the body, they produce a revulsion from the internal organs, promoting their secretions, and diminishing visceral congestion. If taken at too high a temperature, baths act as stimulants, increasing the frequency of the pulse.

Dr. Hunt, in his pamphlet, gives the following directions for using the water of the Red Sulphur:—

"Commence by taking one glass of water at bed time, and one before breakfast: after a few days, take two glasses at bed time, and two before breakfast; one at 11 A. M., and at 5 o'clock, P. M. This quantity will generally operate freely on the bowels. If it is desired to act on the kidneys, increase the quaintity of water to three or four glasses, between a light supper and bed time, and the same quantity between day light and breakfast time; two glasses at noon, and one or two glasses about 5 o'clock, P. M., taking care to exercise freely after drinking.

According to Professor Rogers:—"Gaseous contents in an imperial gallon—

"Sulphuretted Hydrogen, 4.54, cub. in.

"Carbonic acid, 8.75.

"Nitrogen, 4.25.

"Solid contents of 32 cubic inches of water, gr. 1. 25, consisting of sulphate of soda, lime and magnesia, carbo-

nate of lime, and muriate of soda. Besides these ingredients, the water contains, in considerable quantity, a peculiar organic substance which, mingled with sulphur, is deposited on the sides of the spring, and seems to increase by a species of organic growth."

"The Red Sulphur Water is decidedly sedative in its effects. It subdues chronic inflammation, tranquilizes irritation, and reduces the frequency of the pulse in the most astonishing manner.

"It has been considered peculiarly adapted to the cure of pulmonary diseases, and it is true, that it has a most beneficial influence in most casses of this disease; but its good effects equally extend to all cases of sub-acute inflammation, whether seated in the stomach, liver, spleen, intestines, kidneys, and most particularly in the mucuous membrane."

Dr. Moorman, the resident physician of the White Sulphur Springs, thus enumerates the powers of those waters :—

"In all attacks of a *Bilious*, class, a few days or at the farthest, a few weeks use of the waters, produces the most salutary results. The power of this water on all affections of the Liver, the largest and most important secretery organ of the body deserves particular attention; volumes might be filled with details of results, most gratifying, that have taken place in the cases of innumerable invalids from all portions

of the country, especially of the thousands from the warmer regions of the south.

In all stages of *Dyspepsia;* in *Chronic Rheumatism;* in *Paralysis;* in *Incipient Calculus;* in *Chronic Sephilis;* in *Chlorosei;* in *Hemorrhoids, Hypochondrasis;* in *all conditiones Ulcer of the Extremities;* in *Cutaneous Eruptions;* in that *enfeebled and peculiar condition of the system* resulting from the long protracted, or injudicious use of mercury, these waters have proved themselves most indisputably efficacious.

The solid matter procured by evaporation from 100 cubic inches of the White Sulphur Water, when dried at 212°, weighs 63.54. grains. This consists, according to Professor Rogers, of

Sulphate of Lime,
Sulphate of Magnesia,
Sulphate of Soda,
Carbonate of Lime,
Carbonate of Magnesia,
Chloride of Sodium,
Chloride of Calcium,
Oxyde of Iron,
Sulph. Hydrogen of Sodium,
Phosphate of Lime,

Organic Matter,
Precipitated Sulphur.

The gaseous matter consists of,
Sulphuretted Hydrogen,
Carbonic Acid,
Nitrogen,
Oxygen.

"As a wholesome and pleasant *beverage*, or as a corrector of thirst, the convalescent visitor may safely consult his own pleasure as to the time of taking the water, or the quantity to be taken.

With such it may be used with safety and advantage at any time of the day; but with those in feeble health, much regard is due to both time and quantity. The custom that prevails at the fountain, of using it an hour or two before each meal, is generally correct with this qualification, that the larger quantity should be taken in the morning before breakfast. From two to six glasses of the water taken at this time, followed by smaller quantities before each succeeding meal, usually exerts a decided cathartic effect in the course of the day, and at the same time augments considerably the ordinary secretions of the kidneys. The effects of this water, like all other medical agents, are much influenced by the condition of the stomach and bowels, at the time of using it, as well as by the state of the system generally.

It therefore sometimes happens, that, in order to secure its full effects, larger quantities than those indicated are required. Nor is much oppression of stomach apt to be experienced, by those enfeebled by disease, from much larger portions. So lightly does this water lie on the stomach, that invalids have been often known to treble the quantity above prescribed, without experiencing any material inconvenience therefrom. A slight acquaintance with the properties of the water, will, however, satisfy every one, that such inordinate quantities can be seldom necessary, or proper, whilst experience teaches that they are sometimes prejudicial.

A serious error is frequently committed by invalids, at the very commencement of the use of the waters. Arriving at the Springs with systems morbidly excited by long or rapid travelling, and often with bowels obstinately costive, the invalid seeks the fountain, and hastily distends his stomach with enormous quantities of water, under the erroneous notion that he is to be benefitted in proportion to the quantity taken, or upon the vague inference that "if a little is good more is better." The consequence of this procedure not unfrequently is a hasty determination in his mind that the water is unsuited to his case, "for it disagreed with him from the moment he took it." Under such an imprudent

procedure, it could scarcely be expected to turn out otherwise. In the excited state of the system referred to, the water should be used sparingly at first—principally in the morning, and due care taken, if necessary to aid its operation on the bowels by some of the means previously mentioned.

THE END.

W. Molineux, Printer, cor. of Ann and Nassau-streets, N. Y.

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